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THE LATE SHAH OF PERSIA

(*The last photograph taken before his death*)

No. 163.—Vol. XIII.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday January 16, 1907

We can quite understand the reluctance shown by Mr. Birrell to accept the Irish Secretaryship. Whatever the poor man proposed for the distressful isle were sure to be called "Birrelution," and this, coming after "Birreligion," would be quite too much.

* * *

"The Basha of Tangier" has left the city to take charge of the operations against Raisuli. The humorous analogy to be drawn between the title of the gentleman and his probable methods is so obvious that we just leave it to the reader.

* * *

The outstanding feature of the Zancig controversy is that, so far, Mr. Hall Caine has not volunteered to do something as a test case.

* * *

The Kaiser has declared that he will never set foot again in Berlin if the Social Democrats capture the constituency in which the Imperial palace is situated. This declaration ought to ensure a heavy poll for the Social Democrat candidate.

* * *

"The late Shah had," we learn, "an exceedingly small harem . . . having no more than sixty wives." For an Eastern monarch, therefore, he was, to all intents and purposes, a bachelor.

* * *

The statement that the intellect of Persia's new ruler is "solid rather than brilliant" deprives professional humorists and "Comment" makers of a great opportunity. It will be impossible now to call him the Shaw of Persia.

* * *

The *Mail* seemed surprised to find the City quite indifferent when asked its views on the Channel Tunnel. The only feeling, in fact, expressed by City men, was one of envy that the *Mail* itself had managed to keep interested in the subject so long after everybody else.

* * *

There is much bitterness against the Japanese on the Pacific slope. The grievance against them is that they are not sufficiently on the slope.

* * *

The "Hunted Lovers" have not yet escaped from the London Press, it appears.

Judging by Appearances

HE (*at a Covent Garden ball, early on Saturday morning*): "I can tell by your *chapeau* that you're going to a matinée this afternoon, missie!"

BY H. W. ORFORD

If the New York newspapers take up the example set by a Kalamazoo paper and by the New York Stock Exchange of opening the day's work with hymns, a new meaning will be given to "Hark! the 'Herald' angels sing."

* * *

"Home Rule for Scotland" is the latest agitation. Personally, we would willingly accede to the demands of the Irish and Scotch M.P.'s, if only they would allow us Home Rule for England.

* * *

We have heard a good deal about the sins of the Smart Set, but things are going altogether too far when they actually flaunt them in the advertisement columns of the evening papers. The other day we read with amazed disgust:—

Marmot duchess stole—10*s.* 6*d.*

* * *

Notwithstanding the complimentary references in the Press to the "beautiful Hicks's Theatre," the sunny Seymour has no intention of appearing as a living statue yet awhile.

* * *

A contemporary is giving prizes for the best answer to the question "What amuses you most?" As all the competitors must inevitably quote the title of a periodical, whose name we are too blushfully modest to suggest, obvious though it be, doubtless the prizes will be divided.

* * *

We are no lover of the medical profession, but in common decency we must protest against the offensive statement of the *Sunday Times* that the evening bill at the Court Theatre is now being filled by *The Devil's Dilemma.*

* * *

From the *Daily News*:—

SUCCESSFUL JOURNALIST is willing to thoroughly train literary aspirant, by post. Unique opportunity.—Write Box 2,407 A, "Daily News," Fleet Street, London.

The opportunity of being trained by a journalist who has been "successful," though unable to pen four lines without splitting his infinitive, is, indeed, unique.

England v. Wales at Swansea: A high kick and follow up by Wales

England was rather ignominiously defeated by Wales in the match at Swansea on Saturday, being beaten by 22 points to nil. Though the play of the English forwards was disappointing, their real

RACING NOTIONS

THE GRAND NATIONAL. BY "CARBINE"

A Grand Struggle

There is only one Grand National, the event of the world for steeplechasers, the supreme test of a horse's stamina, courage, and staying powers. This year the elements of a grand struggle are not lacking. Ascetic's Silver, whom Aubrey Hastings rode so gallantly to victory a year ago, is again entered, and Red Lad and Aunt May, second and third respectively to Prince Hatzfeldt's horse, can have another cut at him. Kirkland and Moifaa are missing, but Drumcree, who won the race as far back as 1903, is given yet another chance, and so is John M.P., who proved a false favourite last year, and has since been performing in America. Detail, Matthew, Buckaway II., Hercules II., and Napper Tandy, who have all proved their ability to go the full course—which is much in their favour—all add to the interest of this year's contest.

Hackwatch the Champion

Perhaps the greatest attention of all is aroused by the younger school of jumpers. These are led by Hackwatch, who, I am sure, is one of the finest chasers that ever looked through a bridle, and he will take a lot of beating, no matter how much weight he carries at Liverpool. In point of fact, he is almost certain to head the handicap. Then there is Cinders, who will surely puzzle the compiler of the weights. Finally, I must allude to the presence of other high-class jumpers like Timothy Titus and Ranunculus, while the King has entered Flaxman, who has surely been too long on the shelf to threaten any real danger this year. Nevertheless, it is exceedingly pleasant to see that His Majesty is likely to be represented in the race, and a glance down the entries for the National will suffice to support the opinion expressed in these columns a few weeks ago that steeplechasing is not in such a poor way as some pessimistic folk would have us believe.

Selections

The electrical display of Cinders and the success of our selection, Ravenscliffe, at remunerative odds were the most interesting features of last week's racing. The scene of the best events will be laid at Manchester and Hurst Park this week, and my fancies are **Cissy's Revel** for the Palatine Steeplechase on Wednesday, and **Roseate Dawn** for the Maiden Hurdle Race on Friday.

Photo *George Grantham Bain*

New Yorkers and the New Year: Scene at midnight in the Cafe Martin, Broadway

The New Year is ushered in with far more *éclat* in New York than is the case in the old country, and merry crowds throng the Café Martin, the famous Broadway hostelry, and other restaurants, to celebrate the occasion. Though there are no special ceremonies, nothing but champagne is drunk after ten o'clock, while there is a carnival of noise at midnight at the toasting of the New Year

NAVAL MEN AND MATTERS

Photo *Russell*

Admiral Poë

Late of the East India Station, who will probably be transferred to the Cape. He is a member of a famous old Irish family

Photo *Window and Grove*

Admiral Sir Gerard Noel

Who is succeeding Admiral Sir Hugo Pearson as Commander-in-Chief at the Nore

Admiral Poë, who has relinquished the command of the East India Station, and will, probably, be next connected with the command at the Cape of Good Hope, is a member of a famous old Irish family which has been settled in Ireland since two brothers fought as officers in Cromwell's army at the Siege of Limerick. His distinguished brother, Lieut.-Colonel Hutchinson Poë, has lately come under the public eye in connection with the Earl of Dunraven's Devolution policy, and his career has included the Soudan campaign, in which he was severely wounded and lost his right leg, and the contesting of Queen's County, in 1895, as Unionist candidate.

* * *

Two more Naval appointments are those of Admiral Sir Gerard Noel, who succeeds Admiral Sir Hugo Pearson as Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, and Rear-Admiral Robert A. J. Montgomerie, who has just hoisted his flag on the cruiser, *Sapphire*, at Chatham as Rear-Admiral commanding torpedo and submarine craft flotillas in Home waters, in succession to Rear-Admiral A. L. Winsloe. In Army circles, Colonel W. B. Capper succeeds Colonel Kitson in command of the Royal Military College for the training of cavalry and infantry cadets.

* * *

The remarks by Mr. Haldane, the other day, on the evils of shibboleths, might well be taken to heart by the Service not under the direction of the Minister of War. At present there is no question so saddled with doctrines, and so little amenable to the dictates of common sense as the Navy. The very mention of the word "economy" in connection with our "first line of defence," by those in charge of it, hits a certain group of agitators like a blasphemy. The method — universal in business, and in anything else — of suiting one's expenditure to circumstances is considered heinous when your business is a Navy, and your "circumstances" the position and dispositions of your friend, the enemy.

* * *

According to the alarmists, the destruction of the Russian Fleet, and the entire reversion of the foreign policy of France, should have had no effect on Great Britain's naval programme. We should have gone blindly, fanatically on as though, for all the world, politics were the same as they were in the 'nineties. "You have weakened your Channel Fleet," say the accusers in awed accents, "from seventeen to fourteen units. You have reduced your Mediterranean Fleet! You have, incidentally, dared to proclaim an economy, in so doing, of £5,000,000." But who inaugurated the policy of reducing the Mediterranean and Channel Fleets — coupled with the reduction of our Far East and other distant squadrons, in order that a new Home Fleet, with the North Sea as its rendezvous, and Rosyth, on the Forth, its headquarters, should be able to keep its iron eye on Germany? The late Government, in the year 1904 — to be precise, Mr. Balfour, Lord Cawdor, and Mr. Pretyman. Had the present Admiralty and Sir John Fisher been guilty of the unpatriotic crimes attributed to them, is it to be supposed that Mr. Balfour, who is not sparing in his criticism of the Government, would, practically, have kept silent on the question?

Photo *Thomson*

Rear-Admiral Robert A. J. Montgomerie

The new Rear-Admiral commanding torpedo and submarine flotillas in Home waters, in succession to Rear-Admiral A. L. Winsloe

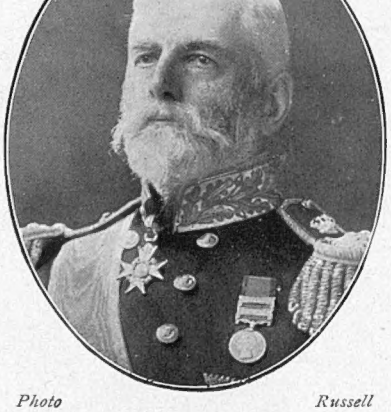


Photo *Russell*

Admiral Sir Day H. Bosanquet

Recently appointed to the Portsmouth Command in succession to Admiral Sir Archibald Eustace Douglas

The Topictator

(AN AMERICAN GIRL RECENTLY EMBRACED HER MOTHER SO FERVENTLY THAT SHE BROKE ONE OF HER RIBS)

SAY, JEDGE, YOU HEV THE DROP ON ME OVER THIS OUTFIT. WHY 'CAN' YOURSELF?"

"WAAL, I 'LOW IT LOOKS LIKE I WAS DOIN' STUNTS, I'M MEETIN' MY DARTER BACK FROM COLLEGE. SHE MAILS ME SHE'S WAY UP IN THE JIU-JITSU PROPOSITION—AN' I AIN'T TAKIN' RISKS

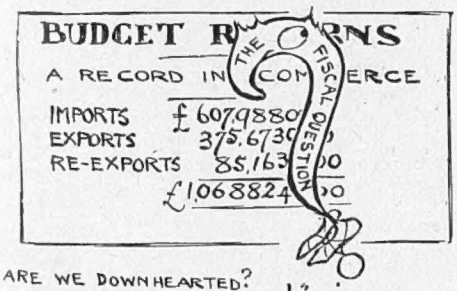
THE GALLIC COCK AND THE BRITISH LION

"ONE DAY, YOU KNOW THAT CHAP'LL BEAT ME"

AND TALKING OF RUGBY FOOTBALL IT IS RUMOURED THAT MR ROWLAND HILL NEARLY SMILED WHEN ENGLAND BEGAN TO FORGE AHEAD IN THE SECOND HALF.

THE ANGEL OF PEACE.
(ACCORDING TO MR W T. ST--D)

WHAT IS THE MAT-TER WITH THE OLD GENT-LE-MAN? HE CAN-NOT GET AN-Y PART-NERS FOR BRIDGE. WHERE IS EV-ER-Y-BODY? ZAN-CIG-GING IN THE DRAW-ING ROOM. WHAT A SHAME. I HOPE HE WILL NOT BURST.



ARE WE DOWNHEARTED?
YE-E-E-E-E-E-E-S!"

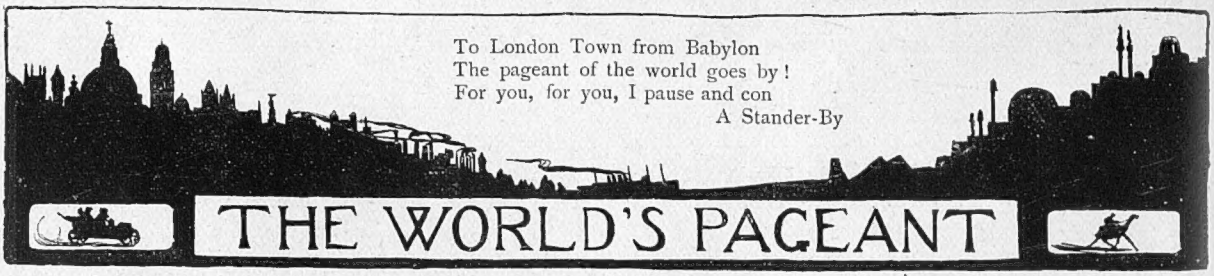


Photo *Keene*

Lord Burton

To whom the King paid a visit by motor during his stay at Chatsworth

The King

On Friday, the King goes with the Queen to Windsor to attend the Memorial Service to Queen Victoria to be held at the Royal Frogmore Mausoleum. While at Sandringham, the King has promised, time permitting, to honour Sir Edward Green with a visit at Ken Hill. Sir Edward is a director of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, and the head of the great manufacturing firm of Edward Green and Son. He is an immensely wealthy man, and his son, Mr. Edward Lycett Green, the popular Master of the York and Ainsty Hounds, will inherit all his wealth and the title, of which Sir Edward is the first holder.

* * *

The Connaught Tour

The Duke of Connaught was touched at the send-off which the King gave him, both at the luncheon at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday and at the departure from Victoria on Thursday. Before leaving Chatsworth, the King and Queen paid, by motor-car, the promised visit to Rangemore, Lord Burton's Derbyshire domain. Lunch and a walk in the grounds filled up very quickly the short winter day, which, as a lady of the house-party declared, marked an epoch in Royal millinery, for Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, for the first time in her life, wore a large picture hat with feathers.

"Exclusive News!"

I notice that a contemporary, whose proud boast it was, in its earlier and more expensive days, that its staff was almost entirely (save for an office boy and a charwoman) composed of members of the aristocracy, in a recent issue, announced as exclusive news that His Majesty has interfered in the Marlborough separation affair, and has succeeded in effecting a satisfactory compromise. These facts were given in our columns something like two months ago. "The King," runs another paragraph in this amusing paper, "has always been punctual at prayers," and was "much put out a little while ago to find himself late for church." It is doubtful whether the writer has ever even attended a service at which His Majesty was present, for though it is far from me to suggest that the King comes late to church, yet I have still to find that he carries punctuality to quite so fine a point.

* * *

Kylemore

The Duke and Duchess of Manchester have let the shooting at Kylemore, their beautiful Irish seat, to Major Roche-Kelly, and are themselves in India, and this absence has again given rise to the rumour that neither the Duke nor the Duchess would be averse to letting, or even selling, Kylemore. It is perfectly

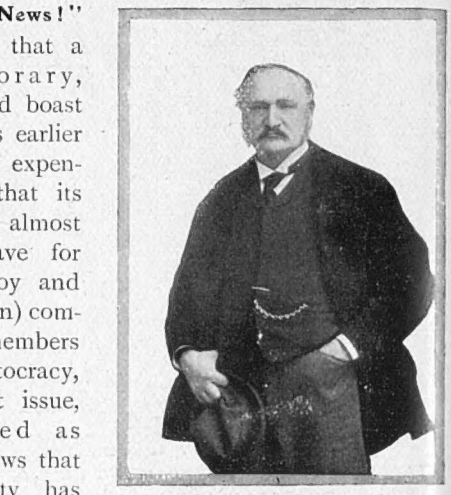


Photo *Sarony*

Sir Edward Green

Whom His Majesty will probably visit while he is at Sandringham. Sir Edward is a director of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, and a wealthy manufacturer

Photo *Keturah Collings*

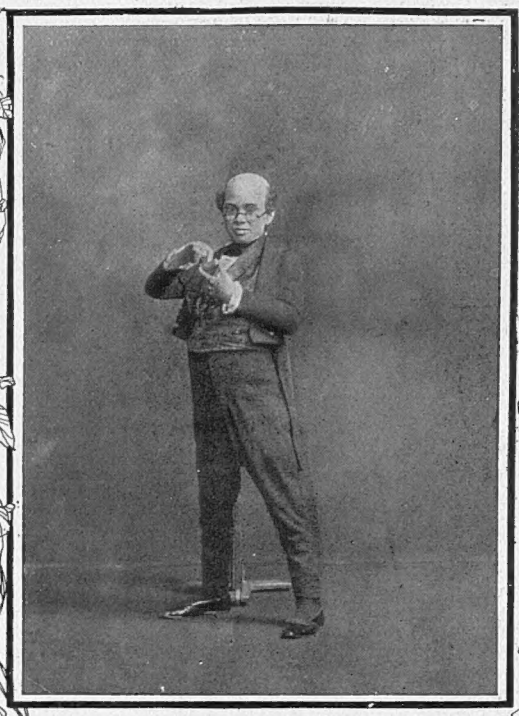
The Duchess of Manchester

Who, with her husband, is now in India. It is rumoured that they are letting their beautiful Irish seat, Kylemore—the subject of our centre pages—the shooting of whi h has already been let

Fancy Ball at the Mansion House

SOME OF THE GUESTS OF THE "CHILDREN'S LORD MAYOR"

Miss Winifred Brice as a "Kate Greenaway Girl"
Photo Speaight



Master A. Pickering as "Mr. Pickwick"
Photo Lafayette

The first Lord Mayor (Henry FitzAlwyn, 1189), and the present one, Sir William Treloar (Masters Tom and Geoffrey Lewin)
Photo Arthur Weston

Master L. and Miss G. Wagner as a "Dutch Boy and Girl"
Photo Lafayette

The annual Children's Fancy Dress Ball took place at the Mansion House last Wednesday. Of the many attractive and quaint costumes to be seen, probably the most popular was that of Master Tom and Master Geoffrey Lewin (sons of Mr. T. M. Lewin, of Jermyn Street) as the first Lord Mayor and as Sir William Treloar, the present Lord Mayor, respectively. Little "Sir William" presented the real "Sir William" with a casket containing twelve guineas for his Cripples' Fund

The Battle of the Seaports

true that they find two Irish seats at least one too many, even though, as they do not entertain at all, they have no London house. Kylemore, of course, is periodically suggested as an Irish Royal residence, but as no Royal residence in Ireland is, or will be, required, the suggestion seems just a little futile.

* * *

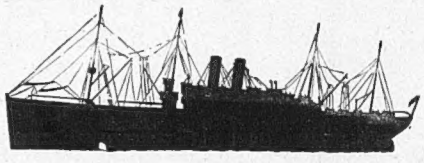
A Ducal Whim

As everyone knows, it was a whim of the young German-American Duchess to buy the place. As a girl she visited it as the guest of its former owner, Mr. Mitchell Henry, and was so charmed with it that she then and there registered a vow that if money could buy it Kylemore should be hers one day. Her money, or rather her father's money, of course, did buy it. £60,000 was the purchase-price paid for Kylemore by the Duchess nearly four years ago, and this was a mere fraction of what Mr. Henry had spent in building it. The castle is built of the white limestone and granite of the country, the great hall is supported by pillars of Connemara marble, and the long, seldom-used ballroom has a vaulted Gothic roof, and beautifully carved marble mantelpieces from Italy.

This ship represents, approximately, the commerce of the port of Southampton as it was fourteen years ago—in 1892—when the tonnage of the vessels cleared was 833,508

How Southampton has Increased

While *this* ship represents, approximately, the commerce of the port of Southampton as it was in 1905—when the tonnage of the vessels cleared was 1,888,030



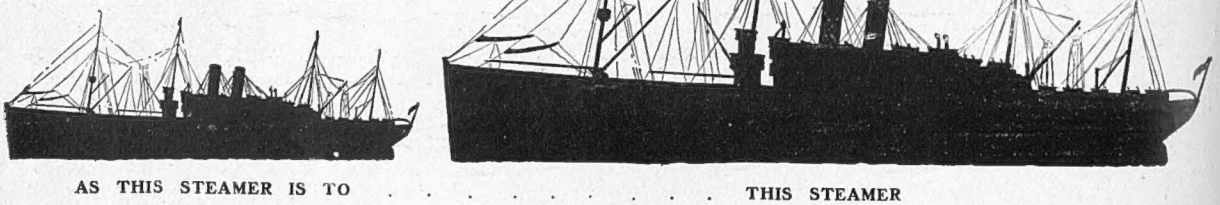
* * *

The Battle of the Seaports

Our "pressimists"—that is, that section of the Press which daily makes our flesh creep with some new story of gloom and doom—have been, one way and another, very happy lately, because very miserable. Bogey after bogey has arrived to cheer their spirits—Socialism, Secularism, a disbanded Army and Navy, German aggression, a Channel Tunnel—and the nation has been provided with at least a danger a day for some months past. The latest lamentation has been over the prospective fate of the port of Liverpool, because the White Star Company has announced, as has for years been anticipated, the transfer of its Wednesday service of Atlantic steamers (the *Oceanic*, *Majestic*, *Teutonic*, and *Adriatic*) to Southampton, followed by the Cunard's transfer of the *Lusitania*, *Mauretania*, *Campania*, and *Lucania*. As a result of this transfer, it has been freely prognosticated that Liverpool is on its last legs. It is, of course, a serious matter for the Mersey to lose eight of the great liners, and, with them, the handsome income which their wharfage, provisioning, coaling, etc., etc., has hitherto brought to the city, and which must run well into six figures annually. But the blow, though a heavy and painful one, is not, as the Jeremiahs would proclaim, a mortal one. The fact that Southampton will be the enormous gainer by so handsome a patronage of her dock accommodation does not, in the least, mean that Liverpool will be the proportionate loser. For what is Southampton to Liverpool? Let us speak in the tongue of tonnage. In 1905 there was cleared at Liverpool 6,932,687; at Southampton, 1,888,030 tons—a ratio of about $3^{2}/_{3}$ to 1. Southampton has, of course, within the last fourteen years, increased at a much more rapid rate, in proportion, than Liverpool (as our diagram on this page more eloquently shows), having more than doubled its tonnage. Liverpool, however, remains the seaport of all manufacturing England. It serves Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Midlands, which are, far more than London, the industrial centres of the land. Southampton secures, perhaps, the pick of the passenger traffic to and from America—the cabin passengers who prefer the fast greyhounds to the slow ones—and the work of accommodating and provisioning the eight transferred liners; Liverpool, however, retains, to a great extent, the second-class and steerage contingents, who, it is estimated, are a more profitable, if less elegant, cargo than the saloon element. Let us, therefore, by all means rejoice with Southampton, and wish her heaps of luck and prosperity, without singing a premature requiem over the great and proud city on the Mersey. Lastly, is there not a very solid national satisfaction to be enjoyed by the reflection that Southampton's gain is Hamburg's loss—that the institution of a native-owned service from the English Channel will considerably queer the pitch of the German Michael, so far as his British support is concerned?

Southampton and Liverpool

A comparison of the extent of their relative shipping. On the left, Southampton; on the right, Liverpool



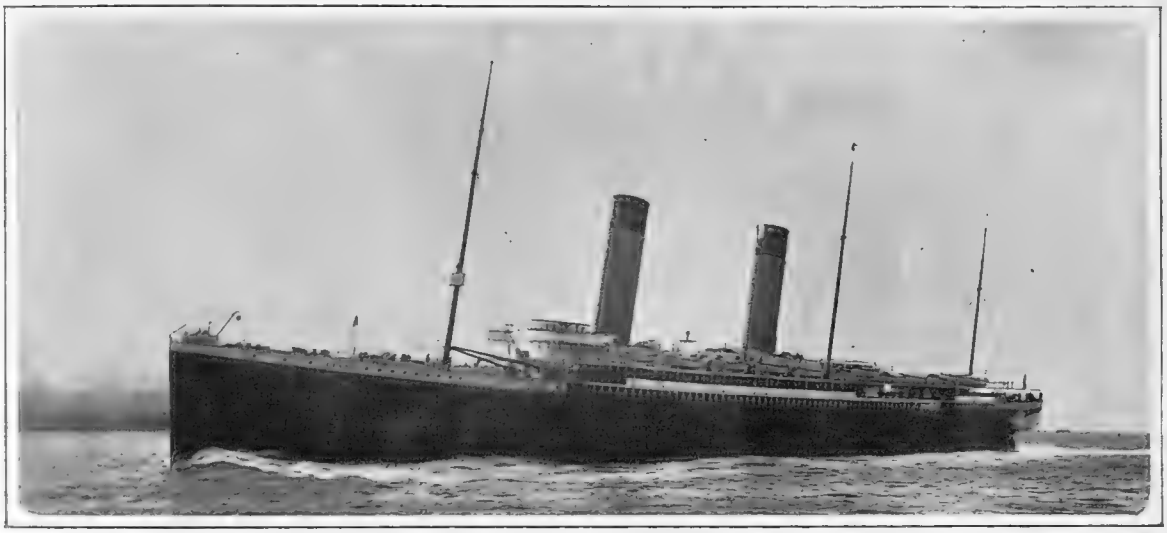
AS THIS STEAMER IS TO . . . . . THIS STEAMER

SO IS the commerce of the port of Southampton to that of Liverpool according to the last collected returns, Southampton's clearances numbering 1,888,030, and Liverpool's 6,932,687 tons

From Liverpool to Southampton

THE SOUTHWARD FLIGHT OF THE WHITE STAR AND CUNARD LINERS

The Prince's Dock, Liverpool



Photos *Brown, Barnes and Bell*

The White Star Liner "Oceanic," one of the fast steamers which will be transferred, in future, to Southampton. The slower and larger ships of this line are staying at Liverpool

Photo] **Southampton, the port of the future** *[Illustrations Bureau*

Site of the new docks, now being constructed on an immense scale to meet the increased requirements of shipping. They are owned and managed by the L. and S. W. Railway Company, and situated within a perfectly sheltered harbour, splendidly lighted, with double tides, and unrivalled accommodation for large steamers

The Amir's Visit to India

The Ruler of Afghanistan

The miniature Durbar at Agra in honour of the Amir, which, for the last week, has been in successful progress, terminates to-day (Wednesday), when the Amir makes a ceremonial departure. Some 30,000 troops have been quartered in and around Agra during the week. The Amir, therefore, has had ample opportunity to carry into effect what he declared to be the chief object of his visit to India, viz., to study our Native Army, with a view to modelling his own on the same lines. His Majesty is accompanied by some fifteen hundred persons, only two or three of whom, however, are wives.

* * *

A Western Taste in Wives

In this matter of wives, indeed, Habibullah Khan is of more Western than Eastern habit. Once the happy possessor of seven of these doubtful blessings, he found that so large a number bored him, so he lately reduced his quantum to three, and proclaimed at the same time that no subject of his was to possess more than three or four at the outside. Whether or no this decision had anything to do with the slightly jealous temperament of his head wife we have yet to learn. It may only have been part of His Majesty's striving after things Western. It is certain only that this lady has a decided "way with her," as they say in Ireland, for not so very long ago she killed, with her own fair hands, two or three slaves whom she suspected of affectionate relations with Habibullah.

* * *

"Never the Twain Shall Meet"

The Amir of Afghanistan, however, in spite of his more modern and more Western aspirations, is still the queerest mixture of Oriental despotism and Western enlightenment. Quite ordinary forms of punishment in Kabul are the gouging out of a man's eyes, burial while alive, or being blown from the mouth of a cannon (conveniently borrowed from us for the purpose), and it is quite a common sight to see prisoners penned up in cages and hung up in the main streets, much in the same manner in which we not so very long ago put offenders into the stocks. The Amir is thirty-five, and has reigned for five years over Afghanistan. His clothes are, practically, Western in style and cut, and at Agra he appeared ever in the most immaculate European evening dress, only his waistcoat was invariably heavily broidered in gold and silver, his ties were of a certain obstreperous butterfly variety, and on his head he wore the round beaver or astrakhan hat which seems an integral part of his Royal estate.

Photo *Bourne and Shepherd*

H.H. The Amir of Afghanistan

In whose honour a Durbar has been held at Agra. He is thirty-five years of age, and of almost entirely civilised ideas, save for a liking for the bagpipes, manifested during a performance by the pipers at Peshawur

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Motor-Cars and Pipers

He has a passion for motor-cars, probably because they do make such a noise, or, at least, the ones we have sent to the Amir do, and, apropos of noise, it is possible that one result of the Indian visit to the Amir will be the introduction of pipers into the Royal household at Peshawur. The dinner given in his honour at Government House was graced by the presence of a band of pipers, and, as may well be imagined, the weird outbursts commonly indulged in by this form of musician entirely delighted His Majesty. Rather short and stout, the Amir might easily pass for a Southern European. Bright-eyed, and possessed of an intuition which successfully takes the place of education, and which is positively Zancig-y in its extent, the Amir is well worth making a friend of, and it is more than probable that the effects of this "durbar-ette" in honour of the Afghan ruler will prove to be one of the wisest steps we have ever yet taken to cement our position on the Indian frontiers.

* * *

A Diplomatic Appointment

The appointment of Lord Acton, who becomes a First Secretary in the Diplomatic Service, and has been transferred from Madrid to the Hague in that capacity, reminds me of a little incident in his career, which serves to call attention, once again, to the very drastic differences which exist between the Court of King Edward and the Court of Queen Victoria. During Lord Acton's first term of office at Court as Lord-in-Waiting on the King—he and Lord Granard are His Majesty's Catholic Lords-in-Waiting—King Edward made the discovery that not one person in his *entourage* could write a German letter. In a Court in which, in the previous reign, German had been the predominating language, such a discovery was, at least, amusing. Lord Acton, on this occasion, came to the rescue. Both his mother and his grandmother were Germans. So he acted, very successfully, until another could be found, the part of German amanuensis to His Majesty. Lady Acton is a very clever, cultivated woman, and her

Two New Appointments

tastes are musical and artistic to a degree. This, combined with a very gracious and winning manner, make her, especially in view of past and present revelations as to the importance of the "ambassadress," an eminently suitable wife for a rising young diplomat.

* * *

Mr. Beit's Successor

The new Vice-President of the British South Africa Company resembles his predecessor, the late Mr. Alfred Beit, in but two particulars. Both were intimately connected with the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and both made fortunes in South Africa. In other respects, two greater contrasts could hardly exist. Where Mr. Beit was quiet and reserved and retiring, Mr. Maguire is witty and amusing, and, with his wife, a member of that smartest of smart racing sets which frequents Newmarket regularly. His Irishisms have earned for him the name of "Paddy," and it is said that Mr. Maguire added considerably to the gaiety of the besieged township when, as the guests of Cecil Rhodes, he and his wife were shut up in Kimberley during the siege. Mrs. Maguire is tall and very dark and good-looking. Unlike her father, the ex Speaker, Lord Peel, she underrates not at all the value of dress, and her gowns denote the possession of good taste as well as of a rich husband.

Photo **Lord Acton** [*Kate Pragnell*

The new British Minister at the Hague—where the forthcoming Peace Conference should keep him busy

On the Cape to Cairo Railway

A settler reading THE BYSTANDER at the end of the Cape to Cairo Railway (2,015 miles from Cape Town), October, 1906. It is to be hoped that the fascination of his occupation did not result in his being run down by the daily express

Photo **Mr. J. Rochfort Maguire** [*Mills*

The new Vice-President of the British South Africa Company

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Mr. Maguire's Career

The son of an Irish clergyman, Mr. Maguire, having failed on the score of delicate health to enter either the Navy or the Indian Civil Service, went to Oxford, where he met the man who was, financially, at any rate, to make him—Cecil Rhodes. Like most Irishmen, keen on everything pertaining to a horse, he distinguished himself at Oxford by riding the winner of the Open Steeplechase at Christchurch one year, and he also became a Fellow of All Souls. On leaving Oxford he read for the Bar, but eventually went to Hong Kong as private secretary to Sir George Bowen, and from there on to South Africa. He represented North Donegal and West Clare respectively from 1890 to 1895, the year in which he married, but he now resides chiefly in London, and his beautiful, old-fashioned house in Cleveland Square is the scene of much entertaining of an interesting as well as of a racing description.

A Famous Thames Landmark on Fire

Colonel Ricardo

Colonel Ricardo, whose riverside house, "The Elms," at Cookham, has lately been burnt down, was at Eton with Colonel Rhodes, the brother of the great South African statesman, and no room at "The Elms" was more interesting than the Eton Room, which contained school and sporting trophies, and included the rackets won at Eton in Singles' Matches against Colonel Rhodes and A. W. Ridley, the cricketer. Colonel Ricardo, though best known as a rowing man and a sportsman, has also been Acting Adjutant-General of the Home District since 1900. At Eton, he was captain of the boats, rowing three years running in the Eton Eight at Henley, and winning the Ladies' Plate twice, and he four times competed for the Grand Challenge Cup, while he stroked the Guards at the Henley Meeting of 1877.

* * *

"The Elms"

Colonel Ricardo's house, bordering the Cookham "rapids," and only a few yards below Cookham Bridge, has been, since some time in the seventeenth century, a familiar landmark to river people. It contains, or rather contained, a music-room filled with souvenirs of the famous Guards' burlesques at Chelsea Barracks in the 'eighties, when Colonel Ricardo, whose baritone voice in those days was rather better than it is now, played Mephistopheles in *Faust*, and the musical traditions of the house are perpetuated each year at the river concert which Colonel Ricardo gets up on the conclusion of the Cookham Regatta. On these occasions, he sings, too, always. In fact, the assembled boatloads would go home feeling that something somehow was missing if Colonel Ricardo did not sing his annual "Songs of Araby."

Photo *Russell*

Colonel F. C. Ricardo

Whose house, "The Elms," Cookham, has been destroyed by fire. He is Assistant Adjutant-General of the Home District

* * *

The Late Sir Henry de Bathe

"In a dark, hawk-eyed, stately, old-world way," writes to me a friend of the late Sir Henry de Bathe, "he was the handsomest man I ever met. He had extraordinary grace of manner and was most amusing." He had also a high baritone voice, and was a very good actor, but, his devotion to the histrionic arts notwithstanding, he could never quite reconcile himself to the marriage of his son, Hugo, of whom he was exceedingly fond, and whom he called "Shuggy" (pronounced as the diminutive of sugar), to an actress, and one so considerably his senior.

* * *

The New Baronet

His son, Sir Hugo Gerald de Bathe, who is now at Agra, where the Ameer's Durbar has been proceeding, was formerly a lieutenant in the Gloucestershire

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

"The Elms," Cookham

The riverside residence of Colonel Ricardo, a familiar Thames landmark, which has been destroyed by fire

Why do We not Back the Kaiser?

Militia. A day or two before proceeding to South Africa to take part in the Boer War he married Mrs. Langtry, the actress, whose career, like that of her father, the late Dean le Breton, of Jersey, and of her handsome brothers, has been nothing if not a vivid one. Spoken of to this day in Jersey as "a very quiet girl," though the famous professional beauty is now not far off her jubilee year, Lady de Bathe, before she went on the stage, first blossomed into social paragraphic and other fame by the fact that she and Mrs. Cornwallis-West were among the first Society women to have their photographs displayed in shop windows as "professional beauties." As "Mr. de Jersey," Lady de Bathe has enjoyed, and still does enjoy, a fairly successful racing career.

* * *

The German Elections

The present grand and epoch-making electoral struggle in Germany, and the probabilities of a decision against the Emperor, and in favour of the Socialists, makes it somewhat difficult for John Bull openly to express his opinion. Seeing that the respectable voter in this country—Liberal and Conservative alike—professes an abhorrence of Socialism, and an approval of the principles of monarchy, the prospect of an overwhelming victory in a neighbouring Empire for the forces of "disruption"—*i.e.* Socialism—should, if we are honest at all, fill us with grave concern. The moral effect of such a victory must be to enhance the power of Socialism enormously, to grease the elbow of Keir-Hardie and Co. out of all proper bounds. And yet I see no shedding of tears at the prospect of the Kaiser's defeat. Can it be that, in his heart of hearts, the Britisher *wants* the Kaiser to be beaten; that he would gladly see him and his sent packing about their business, and Germany a Federal Republic? If such is the case, it speaks but little for the nation's real loyalty to the monarchical principle. Logically, we should all be on the side of the Kaiser and Bülow, and should spurn the designation of children of Bebel. We publish a photograph of Prince Ernest of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, who, at Gotha, is fighting a shoemaker Socialist opponent.

Prince Ernest of Hohenlohe-Langenburg

Who has deigned to step down from the dignity of heir-apparent to a Sovereign Prince to be a candidate for the Reichstag in support of the Kaiser. His opponent in the contest for Gotha is a shoemaker, plain Johann Bock, who has been the representative of the constituency since 1893, as a Social Democrat

Photos

The Dowager Lady Bute

Russell

Lady Margaret Crichton-Stuart

A mother and daughter who have just started for a tour of the Holy Land, where, on the Mount of Olives, is buried the heart of the late Marquis of Bute. Lord Bute and Lady Margaret have considerable property in Palestine

A Princely Music-Hall Turn

Photo *Bolak*

Prince Robert and Princess Estelle de Broglie, now appearing nightly at the Tivoli

Owing to his marriage, Prince Robert has been cut off by his father, Prince Amédée de Broglie, the head of one of the oldest and noblest French families, without even the proverbial shilling, and he has been forced to conduct an orchestra in an American mu-ic-hall, while his wife has appeared behind the footlights as a singer. Princess Estelle de Broglie, who is a Californian, has a good voice, and there is every likelihood of their present visit to London being successful. They afterwards propose visiting the other European capitals, the Prince's ambition being to get into Grand Opera

An Actress in a "Title" Rôle

TWO PICTURES OF THE NEW LADY DE BATHE (MRS. LANGTRY), ON THE STAGE AND OFF

Photo Baker and Muggeridge

On the Racecourse: Lady de Bathe as "Mr. de Jersey" chatting with D. Maher, her jockey

Photo **On the Stage: Mrs. Langtry in "The Crossways"** *Ellis and Walery*

By the death of Sir Henry de Bathe, Mrs. Langtry, who married Mr. Hugo de Bathe, the heir to the baronetcy, succeeds to a title. The new baronet and his wife are, at the moment, widely separated (in a geographical sense, of course!), for Sir Hugo is at Agra, in India, while her ladyship is in America

The PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

TERRY'S THEATRE

Actors as Their Own Managers

At Terry's Theatre the company performing *Red Riding Hood* have had trouble with their "angel." I should like to trace for you the derivation of this strange expression. But I can but acquaint you with the mere fact that in American theatrical parlance "angel" is used to describe the gentleman who puts up the money for the show.

Mr. Fred Storey rose to the emergency. He called a meeting of the principals, with the result that the company agreed to run the pantomime on their own. On these occasions the small-salaried people are paid in full and the balance is divided among the principals. This communistic arrangement appeals to the sporting spirit of the beholder. Whenever a man, such as an actor or an inventor accustomed to be exploited, takes the reins of management into his own hands, the bystander is prompted to encourage the venture. "More power to your elbow," "Go in and win," and kindred expressions of encouragement spring to his mind. Middlemen are never popular. The manager is the middleman between the artist and the public. Whenever a refractory artist breaks loose from managerial control and becomes a direct purveyor to the public, one longs for miracles to take place—for the artist to be a successful purveyor. It is a noble undertaking to exploit unaided your talents to the world. Have you not talked with a man who grows his own vegetables? The few pence per week which he wrings from the middleman greengrocer might be gold metal for the joy they bring him.

So I hurried to Terry's Theatre, filled with hope that *Red Riding Hood* would be to other pantomimes as *Peter Pan* to other plays. I pictured the "Treasury" on Friday evening. In my imagining, I saw the principals staggering away from the profit-sharing with sacks of well-earned gold. Alas! *Red Riding Hood* does not fulfil its claim to be a children's pantomime cunningly adapted from the toy-book story. It is very, very ordinary fare. If I were asked to describe it in menu French, I should say *compôte de châtaignes*. The book is written in those terrible couplets, with rhymes and puns that are as so many rude smacks in the face. The comedians crack the jokes which, in the days of our childhood, induced such an overmastering gravity. A child is so little of a humbug. It never pretends to be amused. The principals—clever Fred Storey of the nimble feet, shapely Lily Harold, Miss Gladys Archbutt, with the charming ingenuous smile, so different from the stereotyped contortions of the mouth adopted by certain well-known actresses I could name—these profit-sharing principals worked very hard. They certainly deserve to bear away bags of gold next "Treasury." I wish dreams came true.

Little Red Riding Hood, the children's pantomime at Terry's, is chiefly interesting by reason of the fact that it is run by a communistic arrangement by which the principals divide the profits

(Drawn at Terry's Theatre by Norman Morrow)

COURT THEATRE

"The Doctor's Dilemma"

I have been told that furious critical controversy raged around the play on its first production. Did those most closely concerned — the doctors— rush into print? I sat among a very distinguished gathering of members of the most noble profession. It was good to hear them laugh. Mr. Shaw has crammed his subject to some purpose. He is very fluent with his vaccines, anti-toxins, opsonins, and phagocytes. (Has he taken a medical degree? You never can tell.) The patients—I mean the laymen—laughed uproariously, too. All the passages of arms between the doctors were written in the most incisive Shavian manner. Indeed, it would seem as if Mr. Shaw's favourite form of humour—the subversive form—had recoiled like a boomerang upon himself. He has written a tragedy in which only the comedy is of any account. When he tries to make dramatic capital of the love of Sir Colenso for Mrs. Dubedat, the artist's wife, and the doctor's decision, which sends the worthless artist to his grave, Mr Shaw only succeeds in being

Off the Boards

WELL-KNOWN ACTORS AND ACTRESSES IN UNUSUAL RÔLES

Twelfth Night at Drury Lane: Mr. Harry Nicholls cutting the Baddeley cake

In 1794 an actor, named Robert Baddeley, left £100 to be invested to form a fund for the supply of a cake and punch at Drury Lane on Twelfth Night. Cutting the cake is Mr. Harry Nicholls, while on his right can be seen Miss Queenie Leighton and Miss Marie George

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

An Elephantine Christening: Miss Marie Studholme performing the ceremony at Olympia

It was originally arranged that the baby elephants should go to Miss Marie Studholme for their baptismal ceremony, but the animals ungallantly refused to be taken. Miss Studholme, therefore, had to come to Olympia, where, as is shown, the rite was performed, with a solemnity due to such an occasion, by pouring a bottle of champagne on each animal's head

rather tedious. Dubedat never succeeds in arousing our interest. That is a good scene in the studio, when he offsets, rather successfully, his non-morality to the conventional respectability of the four doctors. But on his death-bed Dubedat is a bore; nay, worse, he is a poser; and if there is one period we do look for the natural man to appear, surely it is when he is taking leave of the earth. After the second act the play runs off the rails. The epilogue is really the prologue to a little joke which might just as well have been left uncracked. After his virtual murder of Dubedat, Sir Colenso discovers that, following out her dying husband's wish, Mrs. Dubedat has married again. A good enough joke if it sprung from a few lines of dialogue, but hardly worth the raising of the curtain on a fresh act.

The acting at the Court Theatre is sheer joy to the beholder. Mr. Eric Lewis has not for a long while been able to display his delightful mannerisms with such results. What are mannerisms? Little eccentricities of voice and gesture which we resent in a little and welcome in a great artist. The fashionable doctor is by far the best rôle of the lot. Yet Mr. William Farren, jun., carries off the acting honours for his playing of the old-school doctor. Here is a lesson in repose to a young actor. Mr. Granville Barker and Miss Lillah McCarthy did what they could with the rôles of the artist and his wife.

E. C. S.

Mrs. D'Oyly Carte

To whom is due the revival of the popular Gilbert-Sullivan operas at the Savoy Theatre, to the delight of thousands of playgoers

German Opera

Whether there will be as large a public for a German winter season as there has been for an Italian autumn season of opera at Covent Garden remains to be proved. Whatever the commercial result, however, music-lovers will tender their heartiest thanks to Mr. Frank Rendle for his enterprise in putting on a month of German opera, under such truly splendid auspices as those now in force at the Opera House. Opening on Monday with a performance of *Die Meistersinger*, followed last night (Tuesday) by *Tristan und Isolde*, with Van Dyck and Litvinne in the name-parts, and Herr Nikisch at the conductor's desk, to-day (Wednesday) will be given, for the first time in twelve years, a rendering of Weber's *Der Freischütz*. For this alone, all London will thank the management, as Weber's masterpiece has been sadly and unfairly neglected of late years, owing to the Wagnerian reign of terror. *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and *The Flying Dutchman*, will all be given in turn, so that lovers of the Bayreuth music are in for the time of their lives this month.

V. C.

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Marie Wilson

Who is playing the principal part of Phœbe Merrell in *The Yeoman of the Guard*

More Suburban Pantomimes

Cinderella, as presented at the Marlborough Theatre, Holloway, is essentially a children's pantomime. There is in it so much to charm the eye — magnificent scenery, gorgeous dresses, and artistic staging — that the youngsters may well fancy themselves transported to the realms of Fairyland. Cinders is charmingly portrayed by Miss Daisy Revett. Miss Lelia Roze is successful as the Prince, and Miss Ellaline Thorne treats us to some very dainty dancing. The Baron and his Spouse are played with great humour by Messrs. Geo. French and Tom Conway. Another excellent pantomime is provided at the Kennington Theatre. *Humpty Dumpty* is quite a rare theme, and Mr. Frank Dix's development of the story is singularly well told. The cast is a strong one, and includes Misses Yvonne Lamor and Georgina Middleton, and Messrs. Moon and Morris, R. H. Douglass, and Arthur Rigby. *Cinderella*, at the Broadway Theatre, continues to draw packed houses, and much of its success is undoubtedly due to Miss Lucie Caine's charming and unaffected acting of the name-part, and Miss Beatrice Edwardes's refined impersonation of the Prince. *Mother Goose* is this year's attraction at the Crown Theatre, Peckham. Nearly the whole of the cast is drawn from the music-hall stage, and includes the McNaughtens, Alice Lloyd, Lena Verdi, Edie King, and many others. *Bluebeard* is given on a magnificent scale at the Royal County Theatre, Kingston, and Mr. Peter Davey is to be complimented upon the gorgeousness of the scenery and costumes. The pantomimes are so very numerous that, in the small space at my disposal, it is impossible for me to do more than just skim over the remaining ones of importance. The *Forty Thieves* is proving a great attraction at the Coronet; *Cinderella*, with Miss Lilian Hubbard in the name-part, is at the Camden; *Forty Thieves* at Prince's, Poplar; *Babes in the Wood* at the Grand, Woolwich; *Goody Two-Shoes* at the Grand, Croydon; and *Aladdin* at the Crystal Palace.

R. T. E. M.

The Bourchiers in "Macbeth"

A DREAD MOMENT—BANQUO'S GHOST TAKES MACBETH'S SEAT AT THE BANQUET

Photo *Elvis and Walery*

Miss Violet Vanbrugh (*Lady Macbeth*) **Mr. Arthur Bourchier** (*Macbeth*)

MACBETH: Thou canst not say I did it;
Never shake thy gory locks at me

LADY MACBETH: Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus
And hath been from his youth; pray you, keep seat

(*A Matinée of "Macbeth" at the Garrick is announced for to-day, Wednesday, the 16th, at 2 o'clock*)

Continental Chat

During the Riviera Season we shall, week by week, deal with the life and doings at the best resorts, and we shall be pleased to receive from readers photographs of interesting events which may take place there. These will be liberally paid for if used.

At Crowded Monte Carlo

What a capricious age we are living in! How quickly everything changes! A short time ago, a brilliant Riviera season seemed almost a certainty—hotel proprietors have been opening new establishments, journalists have been predicting all kinds of attractive festivities—and yet, to-day, the bare fact is staring them in the face: this is the worst season we have had for the last fifteen years. Few people are entertaining, except Mme. Capron, and although many big personages arrive in their motor-cars, they stay far too short a time to take any intelligent interest in the *fêtes* or their organisation.

The lovely terraces at Monte Carlo, however, are becoming more and more crowded every day. People are arriving from all parts of the world; yet to see Monte Carlo to-day for the first time, one comes away with quite a false impression. What a difference from this time last year! Then the trains were packed with visitors; it was impossible to obtain admission to the theatre unless tickets had been taken beforehand; and in the *cercle des étrangers* people were standing round the tables five deep. This season, so far, there is plenty of room for all to play, and although 1,000-franc banknotes are occasionally distributed pretty freely, the stakes, as a rule, are very low.

In the Temple of Chance: A study in expression
(Sketched in the Salle des Jeux, Monte Carlo, by Reginald Cleaver)

Rosebery and Rothschild Scions at the Tables

There are more spectators than players—even Russian Princes this year do not seem to have the wherewithal to stake heavily—consequently many have keenly watched the games played by Lord Rosebery's younger son, the Hon. Neil Primrose, and Baron James Rothschild, both of whom have been having extraordinary luck and losing with equal facility. Lord and Lady Northcliffe have been playing in the mornings before starting for their motor rides. So has Sir Lewis McIver, M.P.; and among the others I have seen about the rooms are Sir George Chetwynd, the Duke of Leeds, Lord Sandhurst, Baron and Baroness Eppinghoven (daughter of the late Sir James Harris), General Sir Arthur Paget, Lord Waleran, Lord Howard de Walden, Mr. Harry de Windt, the Hon. Ronald Greville, and M. Santos-Dumont, who has been trying to see if the contents of the Monte Carlo bank are "heavier than air." I am just informed that young Mr. Primrose and Baron James Rothschild netted 60,000 francs between them the other evening, but lost it the day after!

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Mr. Gordon Bennett's Industry

Mr. James Gordon Bennett is announced to have arrived, and his lovely yacht, the biggest in the world, is waiting for him at Cannes. Few people knowing his enormous wealth are aware what a great worker he still is—although sub-editors and subordinates galore are ready and willing to take the responsibility off his shoulders, he absolutely refuses to allow them. Call on him any hour you like, you are sure to find him hard at work, surrounded by telegrams and papers. He likes to know exactly what each of his correspondents is doing, and a short time ago he sent one of them an indignant telegram asking him why he had not attended such and such a function. The correspondent replied, "Because I received orders from you to go elsewhere." Mr. Gordon Bennett then, remembering his error, tried to pass the matter off as a joke, and again replied by telegram. This time it ran, "Please don't be so touchy." As a sportsman, Mr. Gordon Bennett is, of course, well known—Nice, as well as Paris, has benefited by his generosity, and the Golf Club this week has been the recipient of a fine cup for yearly competition, the terms of the competition to be decided later on.

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A Theme for the Gossips

The story of the Woelfling divorce is giving the gossips a pretty subject for discussion. Leopold Woelfling, citizen of Geneva, is about to divorce his wife, Mme. Adamowitch! The news has not yet been confirmed, but the world loves these little romances, especially when a Prince is playing the title-rôle. If ever a man has been quoted as a model husband it

Ye Jeste Fantastick

It was a Friar in orders grey
Walkt forth to tell his beades;
And, lo, he met with a ladye faire,
Cladde in a pilgrim's weedes.

BY H. C. SANDY

is the Archduke Leopold of Austria. Without the slightest hesitation he renounced his crown and royal name in order to live a life of simplicity with the wife of his choice—an actress, Mme. Adamowitch. For the last four years the couple have lived together (thanks to the protection of the police) blissfully and happily, and to-day the man who had courage enough to show the whole of Europe the faith he had in one woman is about to confess his mistake and divorce his wife. The grounds for the divorce at first sound rather ridiculous, namely the zeal with which Mme. Woelfling is carrying out the laws laid down by a certain sect of vegetarians. But the Archduke is not altogether to blame. He has, it appears, been extremely patient with his wife, and up till the present has allowed himself to be persuaded to follow the treatment. Now he is exhausted. "Exclusive vegetarianism" does not suit his tastes, for to give oneself up to it entirely is to become a being quite outside the world.

The Nice Tennis Tournament: The Club-house

The tennis season in Nice is now in full swing, the first of the tournaments commencing last week. Despite recent frosts, the courts are in excellent condition for play

Vegetarian Cranks at Nice

There are several members of this extraordinary sect at Nice. They walk about the streets distributing tracts and occasionally give lectures on vegetarianism, endeavouring always to bring new followers into their ranks. Their diet, I am told, consists of raw fruit and carrots only, and their dress is most eccentric. The other day, I met one of them wearing a thin, pink, sleeveless, cotton robe, and a shawl of a thicker fabric pinned under one arm on to the other shoulder. He had only sandals on his feet, bare arms, and no hat. Both his beard and hair were untrimmed, the latter hanging down past his shoulders. If this is the treatment the Archduke has been undergoing—and the papers confirm the fact—who can blame him for wanting to divorce his wife!

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The "Vanity Tax"

The subject of "taxed titles" has been greatly discussed in drawing-rooms, and the idea, so far, has been welcomed by most French noble families. The Marquis de Pins, it will be remembered, was one of the first to advocate the entire suppression of the nobility, which he considers an absurd contradiction to the laws of democracy. It is astonishing to see, in a Republican country, how French people have been clinging to their titles. What airs they give themselves, and what huge dowries they expect in return for them! I cannot quite understand why, when France possesses Marquises and Countesses by the thousand, America should be so eager to purchase them. Many persons, of course, seeing the power a *particule* can give, have had the audacity to invent one; but the "vanity tax" will do away with all this. Many persons, too, who possess little more than their noble name, will drop the *particule*, for luxury and the thrifty French character are not alien. Besides, is a noble name any check on conduct to-day? People who bear them seem to have no respect for their distinguished ancestors, and quite recently all Paris has been scandalised by the conduct of the Marquise de Morny, niece of the Emperor Napoleon III.

Some time ago, it was announced that she was to appear in company with her bosom friend, Mme. Colette Willy, wife of the author of the "Claudine" publications, at the Moulin Rouge. The rumour which was contradicted, was only too true. The Marquise de Morny, under the name of Yssim, has played the chief part in her own pantomime, *Rêve d'Egypte*, and the less said about this piece the better. There was a large audience consisting of many ladies, who protested against the continuation of the piece. Many of them hissed, men whistled, and many more were energetic enough to throw orange-peel, cigarettes, and even vegetables, which were destined to hit Colette Willy as much as the Marquise. A short time ago, Colette Willy's greatest friend was "Polaire"—the Grisette, who is as common and ugly as she is eccentric, and yet whom all Paris goes to see.

Some Seats of the Mighty

TWO STATELY HOMES IN IRELAND AND WALES

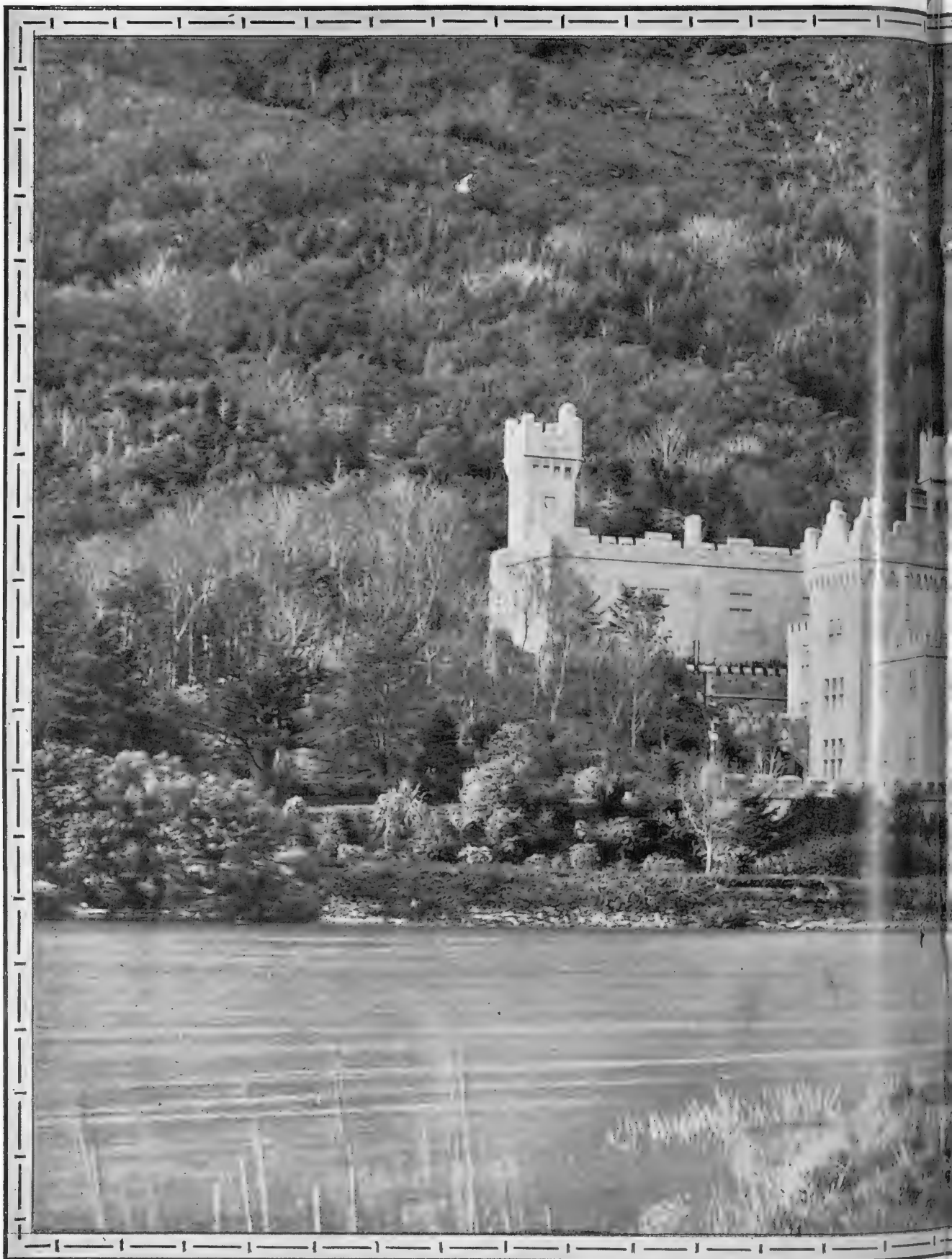
Photo] **A bird's-eye view of Curraghmore House, Portlaw, Waterford** [*Poole*

Curraghmore House, the Marquis of Waterford's beautiful seat, is ideally situated amidst lake and mountain, an excellent idea of the surrounding country being given by this view. It is the home of the Beresford family, a member of which, Lord Delaval Beresford, Lord Charles Beresford's youngest brother, was recently killed in a railway accident in America

Photo] **Gwrych Castle, now the scene of coming-of-age celebrations** [*Frith*

Coming-of-age celebrations are now taking place at Gwrych Castle, Abergale, in honour of Lord Cochrane, the eldest son of Lord Dundonald, of Ladysmith fame

Kylemore Castle to Let! A Ducal Residence



Photo

The Duke and Duchess of Manchester's beautiful Irish Castle, Kylemore, Connemara, which is said to be looking
The shooting has already b

e Which Might Suit an American Millionaire

R. Welch

for a tenant. The Duke and Duchess are tired of it, in spite of the money spent on it by the American Duchess.
en let to Major Roche-Kelly

Worldly Short Story No. 57

THE OBVIOUS WAY

By FRED M. WHITE

TO WORLDLY AUTHORS

Any of our readers who have written stories which they think would be suitable for our Worldly Series are invited to send in their Manuscripts, which must be typewritten. A story by an unknown writer will receive just as much consideration as though it had been written by one of the most celebrated authors of the day, and, if accepted, will be liberally paid for. Only good stories are wanted!

THE Honourable Rupert Ryson occupied a suite of rooms in one of the smaller streets leading out of Grosvenor Square. No man in London could inhabit more artistic and comfortable quarters than Ryson; for a man possessed of no visible means of support, his apartments were furnished without regard to outlay. His prints and pictures were, beyond all question, genuine Reynolds, Romneys, and the like. There was not an engraving on the wall which would have fetched less than three figures at Christie's; for the most part, the furniture was Chippendale of the purest period. It was not for the public, or, indeed, the chosen few, to know that every print and every stick there was sold on commission for some of the West-End dealers, who recognised Ryson's abilities, not only as a salesman, but as an artist who knew how to display an article of furniture to the best effect. Truly, the world knows little of the way the poor—*i.e* the comparatively poor—live!

Ryson, seated in his rooms, was thoughtfully gazing into the fire. His man came in presently and laid a copy of the *Evening Standard* on the table. He called Ryson's attention to it with a short cough. The master held out his hand.

"Anything of interest to-night, Fox?" he asked.

"Well, yes, sir," Fox replied. "The Marquis of Cheltenham has met with a fatal accident."

Ryson looked up, his smooth dark face alert and eager in a moment. He motioned to Fox to read the paragraph.

"There are only a few lines, sir," Fox said. "'As we go to Press, it is with deepest regret that we are informed of a fatal accident which happened to the Marquis of Cheltenham shortly before seven o'clock this evening. It appears that the deceased nobleman, who is unmarried, had come up from the country to pass the next few days at Cheltenham House, the Town residence of his father, the Duke of Fleurlys. It seems that the Marquis was coming down the stairs to dinner when, in crossing the corridor, he staggered and fell against the low balustrade. Being a tall man, he lost his balance and fell headlong on to the marble floor below. Death appears to have been instantaneous, the primary cause being concussion of the brain.' That is all, sir."

"Terribly sad," Ryson said, thoughtfully. "Now I want you to step round as far as Cheltenham House, and ask Farrar, Lord Cheltenham's man, to come round and see me without fail to-night. That will do for the present."

It was getting late before Fox returned, followed by a neat, respectful little man whom Ryson recognised as the confidential servant of the late Marquis. Ryson dismissed Fox with a nod, and indicated an arm-chair contiguous to which stood a table with cigars and whisky and soda thereon.

"Make yourself at home, Farrar," Ryson said. "This is a very sad business."

"It is, indeed, sir," Farrar murmured. "I cannot understand how my poor master could have made such a false step."

"Not the first false step he made, I think, Farrar," Ryson said, significantly. "For instance, my late noble friend made a serious false step in his estimation of the character of Mr. Stephen Letchmere. To be perfectly candid, Farrar, I need not ask you if you know about that business."

The valet shook his head seriously. With some ostentation, Ryson rose and produced his cheque-book. He drew a draft for fifty pounds, payable to his companion, and laid it on the table before him. Farrar grinned appreciatively.

"That is for you," Ryson explained. "If you can earn it, another similar sum will be payable to you in the course of a few days. Now, I am going to ask you a plain question, and I want a plain answer. Honestly, do you think this lamentable affair was the result of an accident?"

"No, sir, I don't," Farrar said, promptly. "I am absolutely certain that my late master committed suicide. Of course, I know all about those forged bills. The Marquis was criminally careless in certain things; besides, last Monday Mr. Letchmere came round to Cheltenham House, and there was no end of a row between him and the Marquis. Not all his cleverness——"

"I don't think we need go into that," Ryson interrupted. "Our first care must be to keep this matter a secret and prevent a scandal. Now, tell me, did you see anything to-night to arouse your suspicions and lead you to the belief that his lordship's tragic death was not an accident?"

"Well, sir, I think I had better tell you everything. I had just finished dressing his lordship when he sent me out of the room for something. As I came up the stairs again, he had emerged into the grand corridor—he looked about him as if not desiring to be seen, then he approached the banisters, which are very low, and seemed to be regarding some object in the hall. He was leaning close against the bronze

(*Continued on page 134*)

Another Worldly Story Next Week

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After the Raid Was Over

THE SULTAN'S FORCES RETURN FROM A BRUSH WITH RAISULI'S FOLLOWERS

A scene on the road from Tangier to Fez, where the Civil War is now raging, and in which Raisuli has, so far, been the loser

(*Continued from page 132*)

balustrades, when he tossed his head back, after which he deliberately threw himself forward, and the next thing I saw was his lordship all huddled up in a heap on the marble floor."

"I see you have something more to disclose to me," Ryson said.

By way of reply Farrar took from his pocket a yellow-covered French novel, which he proceeded to open at a page which had been turned down. He laid a significant finger on a paragraph.

"I found this in his lordship's dressing-room," he said. "He had been reading it up till dinner-time. If you will just cast your eye along that paragraph you will see what I mean, sir. I don't think I need say any more. If you want me——"

"Not to-night," Ryson said. "You can go now, Farrar, and you had better leave that French novel for me to look at. If there is anything further that you can do I will let you know."

. . . . .

With the eye of an artist, Ryson recognised the good taste of Mr. Ezra Harkwell, the well-known Society financier, in whose outer office he was waiting at the moment. The pictures were as genuine as Ryson's own. There was no mistaking the real beauty of the Louis Seize chairs and tables. An air of quietness pervaded the place. There was just a suggestion of cigarette smoke in the room. Presently a butler, who would have done credit to the establishment of an archbishop, entered and bade Ryson to follow him. In a more spacious inner room the financier sat before his desk. He was a tall, ruddy man, looking more like the better type of English farmer than an astute City man. He shook hands with Ryson quite familiarly. Indeed, Markwell was as unlike the money-lender of fiction as it is possible to conceive. He was not even dressed for the part, for he wore a Norfolk suit of Harris tweed; a set of boxing-gloves over the mantelpiece and a bag of golf clubs in the corner testified that Markwell was an outdoor man.

"Well, what can I do for you this morning?" he asked. "We have not been doing any business lately, still, if you have come on your own account, I daresay I can manage."

"Not at all," Ryson smiled. "I could not afford the luxury. Strictly speaking, I have no business here at all, but I came to have a little chat with you *re* the Marquis of Cheltenham."

"What about him?" Markwell asked, sharply. "What do you know?"

"I know that you hold a number of his bills which are absolutely worthless," Ryson asserted boldly. "I am fully aware of the fact that Letchmere repudiates his signatures, and that you stand a very fine chance of losing your money."

The financier smiled grimly. "Pray proceed," he said.

"You wrote to the Marquis, I suppose?" Ryson asked.

"Certainly I did. I laid the facts before him in a private letter, and asked him to see me this morning. When I opened my newspaper at breakfast-time, I read all about the fatal accident. But it is not good enough for me. It was no accident. That man committed suicide rather than face me this morning. There will be an inquest, of course, which will be a purely formal affair, followed by a vote of condolence to the family, after which the whole thing will be forgotten, and I shall be done out of twenty thousand pounds. But if you think that I am a man to sit quietly down and be robbed like this, you are greatly mistaken."

"If I had thought so," Ryson said, drily, "I should not be here this morning. Tell me, honestly, how much hard cash did you part with in exchange for those bills?"

"About twelve thousand five hundred roughly," Markwell explained. "I daresay I shall lose it."

"In ordinary circumstances, certainly," Ryson said. "As a matter of fact it is quite out of your power to prove that Cheltenham died otherwise than accidentally. You could go to the inquest and insist upon giving evidence, but you would be no better off by raising so terrible a scandal. All the same, it would be impossible for the Duke to find the money. So far as I can see, you are likely to lose every penny unless you place yourself in my hands. Do you follow me?"

The money-lender grinned and nodded; he fully appreciated the quiet cleverness of his companion.

"Now you are coming to business," he said.

"Yes," Ryson murmured. "The question is, what are you prepared to take in full settlement of your claim? If I bring you six thousand pounds, will you consent to give those bills up to me and a receipt in full discharge?"

"Not a bit of it," Markwell cried. "If the Duke thinks he is going to get at me in this way——"

"My dear Markwell, the Duke has nothing whatever to do with it," Ryson said quietly. "He does not even know a word about these bills; he does not even suspect that Cheltenham's death was inflicted by his own hand; but I don't mind telling you that certain information has come to me which enables me to approach His Grace in the matter. When I have laid my facts before him, I am quite sure he will make every effort to find this money and thus avoid a scandal. But it is no use asking for the lot, because, if you do, I shall wash my hands of the thing entirely, and you will get nothing, and derive no satisfaction beyond stirring up a painful and absolutely unnecessary scandal. After all's said and done, though I turn an honest penny by playing up to the weaknesses of Society, I cannot quite forget that my family title is an old one and *noblesse oblige*."

The money-lender looked at his companion with a searching glance.

"Hold on a moment," he said. "Upon careful reflection, there is no reason why I should chuck six thousand pounds into the fire for the sake of wounding the family of a dead man. You come back to me with the cheque in question, and I'll not only give you the bills, but you shall have your ten per cent. of the transaction."

"That goes without saying," Ryson said, coolly. "Good-bye."

Ryson walked down the steps into the roadway, feeling that he had not only done a good morning's work, but also that he had struck a blow for his Order. He walked quietly along Piccadilly till he came at length to the set of flats where Stephen Letchmere resided. The latter was making some show of eating breakfast as Ryson entered. He declined any offer of refreshment, but came straight to the point. He did not mince his words.

"I want you to listen to me, Mr. Letchmere," he said. "Two nights ago, my friend, the Marquis of Cheltenham, came to me and told me the whole story as to those bills. It would have been wiser on your part to have given his lordship an opportunity to raise the money elsewhere. You are a young man with much to learn——"

(*Continued on page 136*)

Miss Phyllis Dare as Cinderella

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Phyllis Dare is now playing the familiar role at Edinburgh with great success

She is here seen dancing a "stately" dance with Mr. Dan Rolyat, who is now playing the Baron, Cinderella's hen-pecked father. Mr. Rolyat's playing in *The Dairymaids* contributed much to the success of that musical comedy

(*Continued from page 134*)

"I assure you," Letchmere stammered, "I swear to you that I—Good Lord, it's horrible! I wouldn't have had it happen for ten times the money. But he was so cool about it, and—and you see my people were very strait-laced, and I—I——"

"Precisely," Ryson cut in. "I am sorry I have misunderstood you. But you will not be asked to pay a penny. All I want you to do is to give me your promise to maintain the strictest——"

Letchmere looked up with an exceedingly red face.

"I want no lessons from you," he said stiffly. "I suppose I know how to behave myself like a gentleman."

"I am sure you are discretion itself," Ryson smiled. "I am glad you see the matter in the proper light."

. . . . .

It was not to be expected that the death of Lord Cheltenham would pass without exciting a vast deal of public attention, and this was the danger that the astute Ryson saw before him. In these days of publicity and elastic freedom of the cheap Press, it is almost impossible to keep private anything connected with the doings of the great. Here was a catastrophe, then, closely connected with one of the oldest and proudest families in Europe, for the Chalfontins were of semi-Royal descent, and the three residences of the Duke of Fleurlys were practically historic monuments. Add to this, Lord Cheltenham had been a very popular figure in Society, and only a little time before it had been freely rumoured that he was about to wed the daughter of an American with a fortune of anything up to ten millions. To do him justice, Ryson would have gone out of his way to save this grand old family from the touch of scandal, even if he had had his exertions for his pains.

And it was a much more difficult and delicate task that lay before Ryson now. He went off in the direction of Cheltenham House and sent in his card, saying that he desired to see the Duke on business of importance for a few moments. He found himself presently in the library, where the head of the Chalfontins was awaiting him.

"I hope you will forgive me, Duke," he said. "Believe me, I would not have intruded on you at this sorrowful moment if it had not been absolutely necessary."

The Duke bowed. He looked terribly aged and worn, and his aristocratic, kindly face touched Ryson.

"It is a terrible blow," the Duke said. "You will pardon me if I ask you to make your visit as short as possible. I suppose what you have to say to me in some way relates to poor Teddy?"

"I am afraid it does," Ryson replied. "Does it ever occur to you that Cheltenham was living beyond his means? For a man in his position I take it that his income was a slender one."

The Duke bowed again and said nothing. Ryson was finding the interview even more difficult than he expected.

"I know that Cheltenham was heavily dipped," he continued. "His racing establishment was a costly one. About three months ago he had occasion to raise some thousands of pounds on bills which were endorsed by a man called Letchmere."

"I know him," said the Duke, a shade of annoyance crossing his pallid face. "A rather dull, very immaculate young man."

"That is so, your Grace. The money was paid over to Cheltenham by Markwell, the financier. When the bills fell due, Markwell naturally applied to Letchmere for payment. The latter repudiated all liability on the ground that the bills were forged."

The blow had fallen now, fallen heavily enough, despite that delicate way in which Ryson had led up to the disclosure. He saw the Duke's start and tremble; he noted how the figure of the poor man seemed to shrink and dwindle.

"Good heavens, Ryson!" he said, hoarsely. "Is this damnable thing true? It seems impossible to believe that a son of mine—but there, these things happen every day. At any cost, this dreadful scandal must be averted. It is absolutely impossible that I could raise this money without going to my friends, and that would entail a disclosure of the shameful truth."

"I don't think so," Ryson murmured. "Before going any further, may I ask if you could see your way to raise half that sum. If that were possible, I can pledge my word that Markwell's claim would be satisfied, and you may be sure that he will say nothing, because he would be compounding a felony, and that is an indictable offence."

"I could manage that," the Duke said, after a long pause. "I could manage that to-day, after seeing my solicitors. If you could put this matter through for me and destroy those bills, I should be eternally grateful to you, but there is one thing you do not seemed to have considered. That man Letchmere will talk—very young men always do talk. He will tell the story at his clubs. It will become public property——"

"Not at all," Ryson said. "I have convinced Letchmere that it would be to his interest to say nothing. He behaved quite well in fact. You see, I was in Cheltenham's confidence. You have only to ask him to an occasional, very occasional, dinner, and all scandal will be nipped in the bud. Do you see my point?"

The Duke shook his head. He did not quite follow the course of Ryson's reasoning.

"I was coming to that," Ryson hastened to add. "It has not occurred to you, of course, that poor Cheltenham's fatal accident might have been called by another name?"

"You mean that my poor boy — oh, it is impossible!"

"Not so impossible as you may think. The night before last, Markwell wrote to Cheltenham and informed him that Letchmere had repudiated those bills and had stigmatised them as a forgery. Markwell went on curtly to inform Cheltenham that unless the money was forthcoming within twenty-four hours, the matter would be placed in the hands of the police. Your son recognised the impossibility of laying his hand upon so large a sum, therefore he decided that there was only one way out. My dear Duke, it pains me excessively to speak like this, but I am in a position to prove that poor Cheltenham committed suicide. More than this, Letchmere has guessed at the truth. It is only a guess, after all; but I think I have shown you sufficient to prove that you will be wise for the sake of your family honour in showing Letchmere a little civility from time to time. I think that is plain."

"Plain enough," the Duke groaned. "What have I done that I should have this sorrow and humiliation thrust upon me? But go on, Ryson. Please tell me the worst."

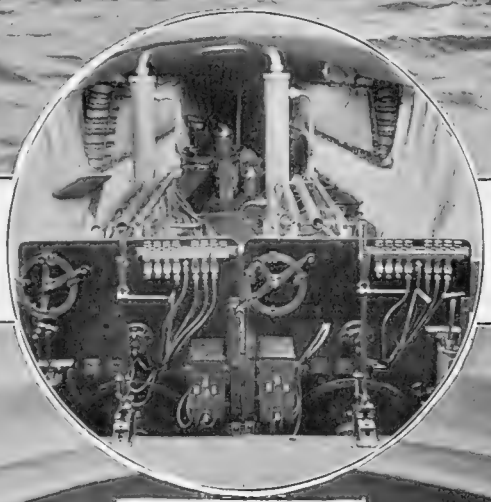
"It would be more kind to enlighten you thoroughly," Ryson said. "I may say that, on the night of the tragedy, Cheltenham's man came to me and gave me certain information. What he came to me about is quite immaterial. There were certain

(*Continued on page 138*)

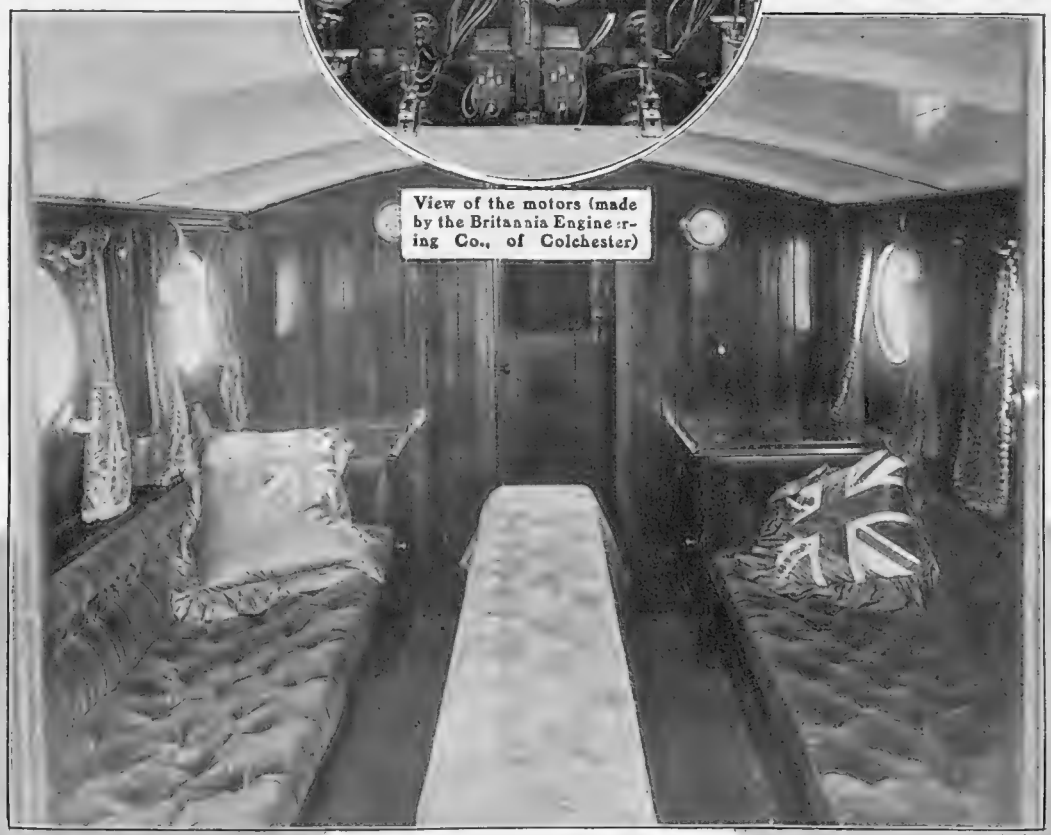
The First Motor "Britannia"

SIR T. LIPTON'S NEW LAUNCH IN THE SOLENT

The *Britannia I.* at full speed (14 knots), which she can maintain in any but the roughest sea. She is 55 ft. long by 7½ft. broad, and driven by two six-cylinder 50 h.-p. motors. She is considered the smoothest running launch yet built with other than electric power



View of the motors (made by the Britannia Engineering Co., of Colchester)



Inside the cabin, which is luxuriously fitted up, and high enough to allow Sir Thomas himself to move about without stooping

The hull of the launch was built by Messrs. White Brothers, of Southampton

(*Continued from page 136*)

episodes in Cheltenham's life in which I was mixed up, but I regard these as sacred matters, and shall not further allude to them even to you. But I want you to follow carefully what I am going to say. As far as I can make out, Markwell's letter reached Cheltenham by the first post in the morning. Directly he read that letter, he knew that the end was in sight, especially as he had interviewed Letchmere at considerable length the night before. He had deemed it highly probable that, when Letchmere knew the truth, he would take up those bills and pay the money. There was a bitter quarrel, and when Cheltenham left the rooms of his quondam friend, ruin and disgrace stared him in the face. There and then he quite made up his mind what to do. It was all very cleverly thought out—a sudden inspiration, which was a reminiscence of a French novel which Cheltenham had been reading lately. He came back home apparently quite easy in his mind, and for some time he talked to his man Farrar about sporting matters. If you think it worth while asking Farrar, he will tell you that Cheltenham made up his mind to destroy a certain favourite dog which was past work. This he meant to do the next time he went down to Chalfontin Abbey. As if on the spur of the moment he sent Farrar out to get a small quantity of strychnine, which, as you know, is the one deadly drug which the law allows people to purchase. Believe me, my dear Duke, it is with no light heart I make these disclosures, but I think you ought to know, with a view to your guidance for the future."

"Go on," the Duke said, hoarsely. "After what you have already told me, I am strong enough to bear anything."

"That poison was placed somewhere in Cheltenham's dressing-room. A little later on in the evening, Farrar valeted his master and left the room immediately before dinner. As a matter of fact, Farrar was on the stairs when Cheltenham came out of his bedroom, and stood irresolutely in the corridor as if he had half forgotten something. Then he swayed towards the banisters, and—the rest you know. I might, like other people, have been disposed to regard this matter as a lamentable accident, if Farrar had not come to me with his story. He is prepared to swear that an instant before the fatal fall he saw his master place something as if to his lips and instantaneously stagger to his fall. Unless I am greatly mistaken, in the pocket of Lord Cheltenham's dinner-jacket we shall find the little bottle which recently contained the strychnine. And now, my dear Duke, you will see for yourself how clever the whole thing was. The banisters are low, Lord Cheltenham was a tall man, and there you are. He knew that the fall would be fatal, being such a long way down on to such a cruel floor. This being so, it would never occur to anyone for a moment to make a *post-mortem* examination of the body when the cause of death was apparent to the meanest understanding. In any case, Cheltenham was dead almost before he touched the floor, and even had there been no external wounds, the doctor would have been able to certify conscientiously that external troubles were the primary cause. Really, it seems to me that there was almost something noble in an action like that."

"I would that I could see it," the Duke said scornfully. "Your reasoning is so close that I cannot but believe everything you say. Still, I should like to make conviction certain. When Cheltenham came up here at the beginning of the week, he only brought a couple of kit-bags with him. We will go up to his room now and search the pockets of his dinner-jacket."

Without another word, the Duke led the way upstairs. In a wardrobe of the late Marquis's bedroom hung a dinner-jacket on its tree. With an unsteady hand, and a face white to the lips, the Duke fumbled in the pockets; then he held up a tiny phial to the light. There was no occasion to say a single word. No comment was necessary. In the same silence the two returned to the library. Once there, the head of the Chalfontins dropped the bottle into the heart of the fire and pressed the coal down upon it.

"God help me," he said brokenly. "I am violating all the laws of my country. I am doing everything that is wrong for the sake of one who is utterly unworthy of his Order. But tell me what you meant just now by saying that my unhappy son derived his inspiration from a French novel."

By way of reply, Ryson drew from his pocket a thin yellow-papered book and placed it on the table.

"This was written by a man called Goulet," he said. "The author is not so well known in this country as he might be, but he is a fine realistic writer. His great *forte* is the short story. You will see that this particular story, where the leaf is turned down, is called 'The Obvious Way.' It is the history of a man who insured his life heavily for the sake of his family, and then committed suicide within a few days of the first premium being paid. The point lies in the way in which the insurance companies were led to believe that death was the result of an accident. The hero of the story is in Venice. He procures a small quantity of strychnine, swallows it, throws the bottle out of the window into the canal, and then pitches headlong into the hall below. In that case, as in that of poor Cheltenham, no inquiry is made, the cause of death being so palpable. Please cast your eye over this page, in which the secret is revealed. . . . You see for yourself how ingenious it was. Inadvertently, Cheltenham left the book with this leaf turned down, and Farrar, who is an excellent French scholar, read it. That is why he came to me, being, I suppose, afraid to approach you. I think, on the whole, the best thing we can do is to place this book on the top of the fire, in company with the strychnine bottle. I think I have convinced you beyond the shadow of a doubt that my theory is absolutely correct."

"I am afraid so," the Duke said, mournfully. "I will lose no time in raising this money and letting you have it in notes to-day. I take it that I had best not appear in the matter at all. There is only one thing that troubles me—do you think we can absolutely rely upon Farrar's secrecy and discretion?"

"I think I can guarantee that," Ryson said, drily. "Leave him to me. If you will send that money to my rooms this afternoon, I shall be able to give you an assurance before dinner-time that the bills have been destroyed. Believe me, you have all my sympathy."

The Duke waived the assurance aside. It did not want any great discrimination on Ryson's part to see that he wished to be alone. It was getting late in the afternoon before Ryson received a packet of bank-notes, and was thus enabled before dinner to send the Duke an assurance that the bills were no longer in existence. It had been a good day's work for Ryson—he had saved the honour of one of the proudest houses in Europe, and incidentally placed a thousand pounds in his pocket at the same time.

Noblesse oblige!! FRED M. WHITE.

"The Bystander" in the New World

(Half a Guinea is paid for each photograph of readers in out-of-the-way parts published on this page)

Mail-day in the Barbadoes

Mrs. M. S. Bindley, Codrington College, Barbadoes, W.I., says: "This jovial band waylaid the poor mail-carrier on the bridge, and spoiled him of the most important and the most interesting contents of his sack"

In the Andes

Mr. G. G. Odell, Civil Engineer, writes: "The interested reader of the paper is a Colombian boy, and the photograph was taken on the mule-path ascending the Cordilleras of Andes, on the road to Bogota, Colombia, South America, at a distance of about a day's journey from that city. It is interesting to note the native women in the background in their flowing cloaks"

In the Argentine

Mr. F. Gordon Viner, writing from Guamini, F. C. S. Argentine Republic, says: "In the British farming community here, The Bystander from home is the most welcome, as well as the most regular, arrival of the week. It is read from beginning to end, as my snapshot shows, by dog, master, and man, and the triumphant progress of 'Carbine' as a tipster is followed with the keenest interest here, where race meetings are almost the only social functions"

By Field, Stream & Covert.

TO OUR READERS

We are always very glad to receive photographs of interest to hunting people to publish in the "Field, Stream, and Covert" pages, and for all photographs we reproduce, either a quarter or half-page size, we shall pay **5s.**, *and* **10s. 6d.** *for those used over this size. Photographs, which should be silver prints, must have been taken this season, and each print must bear the sender's name and address, besides full particulars as to when and where it was taken*

The Season's Changes

This is the time of the year when one hears of numerous impending changes in hunting countries, for though Masters do not actually relinquish their duties until the end of the season, it is customary for them to hand in their resignations in January, in order to give Hunt Committees plenty of time in which to look around for new leaders. Foxhound packs total more than two hundred in the United Kingdom, and it is only to be expected that there will be a certain number of gaps in the ranks each season. In some years changes are more numerous than in others, and then the pessimistic people trot out the good old growl that hunting is on its last legs. They follow this cheerful statement with an allusion to the great difficulties which beset the modern M.F.H., and go so far as to predict the early fall of fox-hunting from its present eminence among winter sports. Happily there is no real reason for alarm. Seventy years ago "Nimrod" wrote in a very hopeless sort of spirit on the future of fox-hunting, just because a dozen countries happened to fall vacant at that time. But the sport is still with us, as strong and as virile as ever, and "Nimrod" is but a memory to those who ride to hounds. Perhaps no more convincing reply can be made to the pessimists than to point to the list of hounds at the beginning of each season. In 1906-7, for example, the number of countries which were without excellent and thoroughly qualified Masters was scarcely worth mentioning.

A meet of the South Oxfordshire Hounds

The Master, Mr. W. H. Barber, is riding the white horse in centre

Masters Who Are Retiring

Lord Galway, who is about to give up his pack of hounds at Serlby, has assuredly earned his retirement, for he has acted as M.F.H. and huntsman for thirty-one seasons without a break, and, in every possible direction, has done much to promote the interests of fox-hunting. He will be a difficult man to follow. But there are many good hunting families in the neighbourhood of Retford, and I do not think the members of the Hunt will have to go very far afield to find a suitable successor to the outgoing M.F.H. Mr. Evan Hanbury has definitely decided to give up the Cottesmore, after seven seasons which rank among the best in the history of the pack; the Ludlow Hunt loses a very old friend by the coming retirement of Sir William Curtis; and it is rumoured that Lord Charles Bentinck may not be found in his official position with the Blankney Hounds after the end of the season.

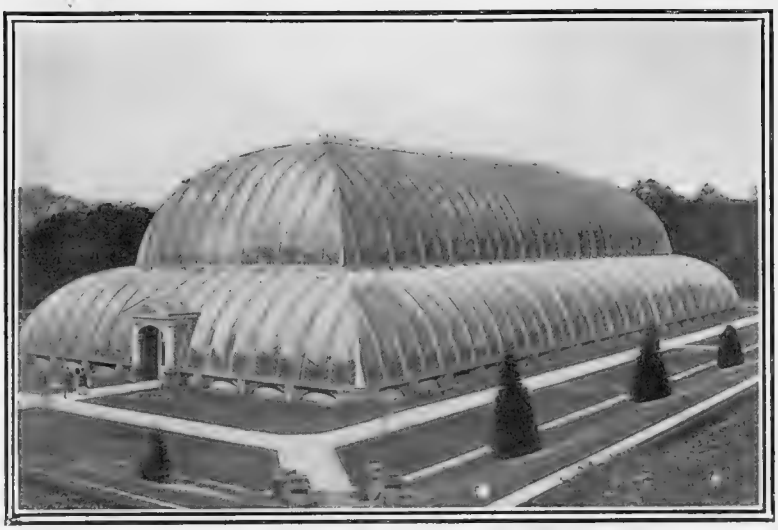
With the South Oxfordshire

Seldom has better justice been done to the South Oxfordshire country than by the present Master, Mr. W. Henry Barber, and his huntsman, Walter Keyte. The hounds, of which we reproduce a photograph taken by Mrs. Ruck-Keene, are the descendants of that brilliant pack with which the Earl of Macclesfield showed great sport for many years. Keyte, who had a meteoric career in the Quorn country, has handled them to perfection, and the combination of Mr. Barber and his huntsman has afforded complete satisfaction to the followers of the pack. Possibly Keyte owes his success in some measure to the fact that he was not kept for long in the position of whipper-in. In one stride he jumped from second whip's place with the Quorn to be huntsman of that great pack, and though he did not altogether satisfy the most exacting of the critical Leicestershire people, I always considered that he did very well in the face of some grave difficulties, and certainly in South Oxfordshire he has added to his reputation.

Fox-hunting on Foot

The Huntsman and Deputy-Master of the Coniston Foxhounds on the snow-covered slopes of Mount Fairfield

The Coniston Foxhounds are a private pack hunted on foot by the Rev. F. Reynolds over the hills of Westmoreland and Cumberland, a country with which John Peel's name will always be associated. About half a dozen small terriers of all breeds and sizes are usually taken with the hounds, and are used to bolt the foxes out of their stony lairs



Photo] **The Grand Conservatory in the Winter Garden at Chatsworth** *[Keene*

Though few people are able to go in for winter gardening on such a lavish scale as it is carried out at Chatsworth, the most humble gardener can, with care, work wonders with a greenhouse of modest dimensions, and ensure a mass of bloom all through the winter months

Many whippers-in have to wait until they are past their prime before they get a chance as huntsmen, and then they are voted slow, and are compared unfavourably with the hard-riding junior members of the hunt staff. The demand nowadays is all for huntsmen who can keep with their hounds on a good scenting day, and Masters accordingly are favouring younger men.

Rabbit-Trapping in Devonshire

Our illustration of rabbit-trapping will furnish an idea of the enormous extent to which this occupation is now carried on in Devonshire, much, be it added, to the detriment of fox-hunting. The rabbits are a perfect pest in the county, especially in that district covered by the South Devon Hounds. The professional trapper, hardly known a dozen years ago, is now established in every parish throughout South Devon; "accidents" happen to foxes, and their supply is being sadly depleted as a result.

A. W. C.

GARDEN NOTES

Even the keenest gardener is not completely weather-proof, and when winter comes, bringing with it frost and snow, cutting to the ground his choice plants, and obliterating the landmarks of summer, his ardour is bound to cool a little. If, however, he is the fortunate possessor of a good greenhouse or conservatory, even though it be of more modest dimensions than the magnificent winter garden at Chatsworth, he may still ride his hobby with comfort and pleasure. Here azaleas, heaths, bouvardias, allamandas, camellias, and many other plants, including daffodils and other early bulbs, will now be in flower, and if the management is as it should be, there will be no lack of colour. The stoking requires careful attention at this season. If the furnace is run at full pressure throughout the day as well as the night, not only is a vast amount of fuel wasted, but also the plants are injuriously affected, for growth made at a time while the sunlight is comparatively feeble, must be weak. Except when forcing is in progress, or during damp or foggy weather, the fire should be kept down as much as possible, the object being to dry the atmosphere, and not to raise it to such a high temperature that the plants are compelled to grow, in spite of themselves. Even those that are in bloom will be better for being kept cool, for the flowers will last very much longer.

Dangerous Damp

Damp is much more likely to prove injurious than cold, and it is especially here that fire-heat is useful. But, with proper ventilation, damp need not be greatly feared. It is seldom that enough air is admitted into amateurs' glasshouses. If they are kept closed entirely, the lights are generally opened only a few inches for a few hours in the morning. In a nursery it is different. There the ventilators, and often the doors, are opened wide, and left open during the hours of sunshine. This is one of the reasons—perhaps the chief reason—why a nurseryman's plants are, as a rule, so much better grown than an amateur's. So long as they are not in a draught, it is impossible for them to have too much fresh air. Of course, a draught is deadly, for it carries away the moisture from the leaves as fast as it is produced, and this excessively rapid evaporation causes an extreme degree of cold, so that collapse follows. But in any properly constructed house this is easily avoided. Fresh air without draught is merely a matter of management.

RUSTICUS.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Coursing for the Barbican Cup: A kill

The meeting for the Barbican Cup, held at Fareet, near Peterborough, was well attended, and some excellent sport was witnessed

Rabbits by the Ton!

HOW DEVON IS MAKING PROFIT OUT OF THE PEST

The Plague of Rabbits in Devon: The arrival of the trappers and the trapped

Devonshire this season has been suffering from a plague of rabbits, but the inhabitants are turning the fact to good account by trapping the animals by hundreds and sending them by rail to different parts of the country

Photos] **A consignment of rabbits, about a ton in weight, ready for despatch** [*Perry*

The rabbits are packed in hampers, containing from twenty to twenty-four brace and weighing about 1 cwt. Frequently one hundred hampers are sent away from one station at a time, though at the chief centre, Kingsbridge, the traffic is far more heavy. Practically the whole demand comes from the Midlands and the North, the London market being well supplied from Ostend

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books to Order this Week

"Get On or Get Out." By Peter Keary. (Pearson: 1s.)
"The Penniless Millionaire." By David Christie Murray. (John Long: 6s.)
"The Duchess of Pontifex Square." By G. W. Appleton. (John Long: 6s.)
"A Commutation of Sentence." By C. Malcolm Hincks. (Drane.)
"The Mistress of Aydon." By R. H. Forster. (John Long: 6s.)
"The House in the Crescent." By Adeline Sergeant. (John Long: 6s.)
"The Tourists' India." By Eustace A. Reynolds-Ball. (Sonnenschein: 10s. 6d.)

LITERATURE IN 1907: None.

* * *

However, a few new novels have started the ball of the new year a-rolling, and those content with "something to read," simply, can do worse than consult Mr. Long's new list. I have read, with, at least, interest, Mr. G. W. Appleton's *The Duchess of Pontifex Square*. Here, this entertaining author has actually had the courage to centre his story round an old lady — not a stately dowager of the concealed age type, but a real, dear, doting old thing, who happens to be a duchess. This poor old lady is hunted down, for base financial motives, by a bold, bad Italian duke (his other name being Frangipani). She is compelled to move, ceaselessly, from place to place, lodging to lodging. In one of these, in Pontifex Square, she is discovered by a young doctor, whose father was killed in a duel in Rome by the bold, bad Duke himself. With the motive, alike, to be revenged on his father's slayer and to squire to safety the poor old lady, he takes up her case, and finally secures, at any rate, one of his objects. The story moves, and is entertaining and well written.

* * *

Mr. David Christie Murray is always readable, even though his theme be not over original. I have his story, also published by Mr. Long, *The Penniless Millionaire* — whose title explains itself. If this reminds one distinctly of Mr. Austin Fryers's excellent novel, "A Pauper Millionaire," there is little or no similarity between the two books, Mr. Murray's work being entirely lacking in the satirical and humorous element which distinguished that volume. However, it is interesting and varied in action.

* * *

The bookstalls afford the literary lounger rather better prey than the publishers' lists just at present, so this week I must devote myself rather to "finds" in that quarter. There is, for instance, Mr. Peter Keary's latest shillingsworth in the "Success" series, *Get On or Get Out* (Pearson).

* * *

In his earlier work, "The Secrets of Success," Mr. Keary gave to ambitious youth the "Ten Commandments of Business." On second thoughts, apparently, he has decided that ten is rather a large number of commandments for a busy young man to carry about with him these days, so has rolled them up into one. "Get On or Get Out" is, it seems, the whole duty of the modern man. The book itself, like its predecessor, contains a series of articles, written in a vigorous colloquial style, interspersed here and there with little anecdotes, precepts, and the like, forming, in the mass, a most stringent tonic against slackness in all its symptoms. The worst of a book of this kind, of course, is that, like its predecessors, rarely does never does it get read by the right people. A man who would read Mr. Keary, and be influenced by his vigorous counsels, is probably the man who is already "getting on," and who has no intention whatever of "getting out." He sees in Mr. Keary's allusions, and in his stories from the lives of great men, but a reflex of his own excellence. As with previous preachers, it is the righteous who are chiefly called by such cries — it is the Pharisee who infests the tabernacle; while the sinner — in this case, the sluggard — lies sleeping at the city walls — in this case, on its stools.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Peter Keary

Whose new book on Success, "Get On or Get Out," is just published. Mr. Keary is the Managing Director of Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., and a journalist of remarkable experience and success

* * *

Mr. Keary's words are like a razor-strop — they sharpen the razor that is already sharp; they are useless with the razor that is blunt. That fact, however, in no way depreciates the value of his books. It is most desirable that the righteous should constantly be called, in order that they remain righteous, and that the man who is "getting on" should be urged to go on getting on, again and again, until the mere inadequacy of this planet to his needs forces him to "get out." And if, perchance, the one sluggard out of the hundred is called to energy, well, that is the percentage to be expected according to the estimate of the greatest of all Preachers. What I like most about Mr. Keary's point of view is its largeness. He does not harp merely on the need to attain tangible success. He admits that there is a wider meaning of the phrase "get on" than is implied in the mere business of life. He allows for the "great misunderstood"; he tolerates the point of view of the artist who sees posterity, but is, withal, blind to contemporary clamour. He cites, for instance, the case of Wagner.

It took Wagner thirty years to be understood. He was dead when he was understood. His music spoke so simply that people in his own time didn't think he meant what he really did mean.

Mr. Keary's possession of this point of view will bring within his scope many men who would be deaf to the appeals of the eulogist of mere commercial success.

* * *

There are, I sincerely hope, a certain number of seriously disposed persons who, weekly, glance down these columns. There are, also, I fear, a few *deeply* serious people—people with whom seriousness is almost a mania — whose repulsion to anything humorous, and whose detestation of a joke, is so keen that they would cross the street rather than collide with one, or even breathe its atmosphere. A word to these people. There has been published, at the price of sixpence, a book which should be as a sort of bible to them. Its seriousness is enormous—it is almost supernatural. As you dip into its pages, it gathers about you like a thick, black fog, and almost chokes you with its density. Were this Russia, and were wit and humour in print punishable by death in its ghastliest form, this is the kind of publication that would be brought out by loyal and responsible publishers who loved their life and liberty. And now as to its name. It is *Witty-Cur's Almanac for 1907*. Edited by Jim Crow, by kind permission of the Editor of *John Bull*, 186, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Price 6*d*., or by post, 8*d*.

* * *

Literary critics ought, I suppose, to be complimented when they themselves become the objects of criticism, and are discussed by other papers as though they were notorious public characters, and not mere pen-pushers. An article, however, entitled "1920. Lions in Embryo," in the *Throne*, establishes a precedent in the gentle art of criticism. Here I find four or five of the gentlemen who "do the books" for various contemporaries referred to in terms of opprobium surely out of proportion to their offences, for no other reason, apparently, than that the writer—as amateurish a scribe as ever steeped pen in ink — met some of them at a literary dinner, and apparently did not like their personal appearance. Having indulged himself in some silly abuse of gentlemen of whose work he is obviously in hopeless ignorance, this remarkable scribe proceeds to single out the critic of a weekly contemporary as the "one honest man, young, exigent, who says his say without fear and without favour," and to name him as "the dominant critic of 1920." If the motive of the article is to give a free advertisement to the critic in question, of course that is the business of the editor, and I hope the gentleman advertised in this patent medicine fashion will be duly grateful. If, however, the intent was to interest the public, I fear it will fail, for I have yet to discover that it takes the remotest interest in the personalities of those whom it may please newspaper proprietors to employ as critics to-day, let alone those it may employ in 1920. "Cackle About Books" is one of the headings of the article. But surely anything were preferable to "cackle about critics."

* * *

Mr. Unwin published on January 14 a new novel by Mr. Alphonse Courlander, whose stories, "The Taskmaster" and "Seth of the Cross," attracted so much attention. The title is *The Sacrifice*.

Photo] **Under the New Act: Dogs in durance at Battersea** [*Illustrations Bureau*

Owing to the increasing police surveillance over dogs, caused by the new Act, the number of "strays" who have found their way into the Battersea Dogs' Home during the past week has been far beyond the average

Golf Notes and Notions

A New Ball

I am going to take my readers into my confidence, and give them my impressions of a new ball which I have recently come across. It is the latest variant of the "Professional" ball, made by Messrs. J. P. Cochrane and Co., of Edinburgh, and is distinguished from its earlier brother by two yellow dots, one at either pole of the ball. I was luckily able to give an extended trial to the ball before the snow came down, and I don't think I shall be overstating matters if I claim that this is the best ball I have yet met with.

Dissection

After playing eight or nine rounds with the first specimen that came into my possession without apparently damaging its playing qualities, I decided to dissect it. I had considerable difficulty in doing so, as the outer shell, though thin, was tough, and adhered very tightly to the inner part. By dint of dipping the ball in hot water I managed to strip off the outer casing, which to my inexpert eye seems to have more rubber and less gutta-percha in its constitution than the other rubber-cored varieties which I have cut open. The inner ball is made up of a very thin filament of rubber at first, and then of broad rubber bands nearly an inch wide. Lastly comes the rubber core, very ingeniously held together by rubber strips. The methods employed in putting this ball together must ensure great homogeneity and firmness in structure, while at the same time giving enormous elasticity. It is a soft ball when pinched by the fingers and yet it is a very firm one. It goes off wood just as well as off iron, and runs most smoothly off the iron putter. It flies beautifully, and shows no mark when topped either with the wooden or iron club. It is the first of what I will call the soft variety which I have been able to get away easily off the tee. The liquid and gelatine-cored balls do not appear to fly off wood for the hard hitter, but the yellow-dot "Professional" flies just as well as the "Kite" or the "Colonel." The construction seems to me to guarantee the retention of its shape under all but the sharpest and most unkind blows of iron or niblick, and it ought, therefore, to prove a very economical ball. I should be very glad to hear from any of my readers who may try it what they think of it, and whether their experience with it proves as happy as mine.

For the Encouragement of Inventors

While I am on the subject of golf balls, I am tempted to hazard a few words for the encouragement of inventors. We seem to have reached the limits of resiliency, and what we want now is increased steadiness combined with undiminished resiliency. By steadiness, I mean that quality which not only makes a ball fly straight, but bounce and run accurately into the bargain. That is where the soft-cored balls seem to me to fail after a bout of hard hitting. The defect of the "Kite" is its liability to crack, a defect from which both the "Colonel" and "New Professional" are quite free, while the gelatine and liquid-cored balls soon get out of shape.

An Idea

I do not believe that the soft core will ever answer the requirements of the modern golfer. But I have an idea that a set of small rubber cores, set over each other somewhat in the manner of the ball-bearings of a bicycle, might prove advantageous. I do not know how many of these small cores would be necessary; but let us suppose that five are taken; we could then have one in the centre and the other four placed at even distances from it, all five being securely fastened to each other, and the outer ones to the outer casing, the whole of them being firmly wound round by rubber filaments till they formed a homogeneous filling for the ball, the thin, highly rubberised outer shell being then firmly and adhesively fixed to the inner part. The inner cores would give, it seems to me, great elasticity and resiliency to the ball, while their fixed and equal position ought to ensure accuracy in bounce and run. Possibly, I am vainly beating the air, and such a ball has already been invented and found wanting. But I write on the off chance that my crude idea, if it has not already been tried, may be an incentive to some ingenious person to turn out a ball on these lines. Possibly, my supposed ingenious friend will use more than five cores, and I have only named that number as an illustration of my idea. But I do believe that a multiple-cored ball is feasible. Still, I am quite prepared to be told that I have outraged every principle of mechanics, and that my idea is not worth the ink by which it has been published to a derisive audience of experts.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The golf foursome at Chatsworth

Mr. Balfour (on the extreme left), Lady Maud Warrender, Viscount Acheson, and Lady Theodosia Acheson, (on the right), Ben Sayers, the professional, on the way to the links

GAMES AND PASTIMES

A Threatened Collapse

I am not very surprised to learn that some of the clubs in the Northern Football Union are in a bad way, and that it is not at all improbable that the whole Union may ultimately collapse. Professional football clubs, of course, rely solely upon gate-money for their existence, and when the shows they give cease to attract the public they are necessarily doomed to bankruptcy. In the Northern Union a peculiar kind of Rugby football is played which one never sees anywhere else except in those districts which revolted from the Rugby Union years ago. When the revolt occurred, the rules of Rugger were tinkered with, with the object of making the game more interesting from a spectacular point of view, and at first the very novelty of the thing attracted. But the new game never made any pronounced headway outside the sphere of its origin; it has never been more than a purely local game; its players are cut off from the rest of the football world, and even its most devoted adherents must feel that they are following a game which has no place whatever in the pastimes of the nation at large. One club, I hear, had lost £500 at the half-season, which means, unless things improve, a loss of £1,000 on the whole season, and few clubs can stand that.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The late W. W. Read

The well-known Surrey batsman. He was a good all-round sportsman and an excellent shot

Tall Scoring at Hockey

Want of space last week prevented me from commenting on the extraordinary result of the South *v.* West hockey match, in which the West sustained the heaviest defeat — 13 goals to nothing — ever recorded in an inter-divisional match, and that, too, with six Internationals in the side. Of course, it was hardly true form; Ebden in goal had an off day; so had Smith, the centre forward; while the halves (of whom Cole is nowadays really a forward) were almost a complete failure. In fact, the only good work was done by the backs, who went through a trying ordeal with much credit. The South, on the other hand, were undoubtedly in tip-top form, and several of the team who have not got caps already will get them soon. The attack, with Shoveller, Green, and Jordan playing, was, of course, tremendously strong, though Webber hardly did enough to justify his selection *vice* Logan, and I expect the International forward line to be Green, Jordan, Shoveller, Logan, and Rees, for Butterworth has "crocked" again. Last year he missed both his Rugger and hockey Blues (and probably his hockey International, too) through an injury to his knee; and this year it was thought inadvisable to play him in the Rugger team because his knee was still weak. However, he was chosen to play on the same date

The Surrey v. Sussex Ladies' Hockey Match: The opening bully

Surrey was successful in winning the match by 4 goals to 1

as the Rugby International against France in the South *v.* West hockey match, and forthwith, somewhere about half-time, his knee gave way again. It will be very hard luck if he is again kept out of both the games at which he is so proficient. Talking about knees reminds me that Raphaël was chosen to play on the wing in the much-criticised England Rugby team *v.* Wales, but threw up the berth on account of *his* weak knee. However, he helped the O.M.T.'s to beat the London Scottish on Saturday.

Thirty-Seven Goals in Three Matches

On the same day as West *v.* South, there were several other notable results. Wimbledon beat Willesden and Harrow by 11—0, all the goals being hit by the same player, Plante, while in the second and third team matches between the same clubs Wimbledon scored nine and seventeen goals to nil—a total of thirty-seven goals in one afternoon. Hampstead's defeat by Hounslow was partly due to their having five of their regular team away; but, all the same, Hounslow played very good hockey against them, with plenty of sting in the attack, and are distinctly a team to be reckoned with.

Mr. G. W. Hillyard

The new Secretary of the All-England Lawn Tennis Club, in succession to Mr. Archdale Palmer

A Suitable Choice

The All-England Lawn Tennis Club have not taken long over the appointment of their new secretary, and the inference must necessarily be that, unlike the case of Mr. Bryce's successor, the right man was not very hard to find. At any rate, the appointment strikes me as a good one. Of G. W. Hillyard's prowess as a lawn-tennis player, cricketer, golfer, swimmer, billiard player, jumper, and one or two other little things, it is unnecessary to speak in detail; suffice it that in all he does he is keenness itself. The players may be quite sure that he will look after their interests, for he holds that the game is only really enjoyable when played under good conditions, and is a recognised authority on the construction and care of courts. Moreover, he is, to all intents and purposes, a man of leisure, and so will have ample time to devote to his new rôle.

A Great Batsman

Of the many great cricketers whose names have been associated with Surrey, Walter Read, whose death occurred last week, was one of the greatest. In fact, during the 'eighties he was perhaps the second best batsman of the lot after "W. G.," notwithstanding the rival claims of W. L. Murdoch and Shrewsbury. He commenced playing for Surrey in 1873 at the age of eighteen, but it was not until 1881, when the Surrey executive, recognising his value in the team, appointed him assistant-secretary at the Oval, that he was able to turn out regularly. However, from then down to 1897, the date of his retirement, he was the mainstay of the county. His biggest score was 338 for Surrey *v.* Oxford University in 1888, but perhaps his greatest innings was his 117 for England *v.* Australia in 1884. Altogether, during his career he made forty-four centuries in first-class cricket. Originally a slow scorer, he increased his pace concurrently with his reputation; but he was always a careful player, and, moreover, quite imperturbable, however momentous the occasion. His best strokes were his off-drive and the hit past cover-point from a slightly rising ball; he was also one of the earliest exponents of the "pull" stroke. As a lob bowler he sometimes did any amount of damage, and once took three wickets with three consecutive balls.

The "Grouse" Season

Of the result of England *v.* Wales, on Saturday, there is not much to be said except that it was expected, and that it justifies to some extent the "grousing" which has been so rife at the composition of the English three-quarter line. But the truth is that, since an International team is always a mixed team, you can never tell how it will play. Look how the South smothered the North, and then how a few days later practically the same team succumbed to the Rest of England, after which came the draw with South Africa that might easily have been a win. Saturday's team, on another occasion, might play quite well. But there is another truth, and that is that Wales has established a funk in England. Whenever English backs get against Welshmen, they are so bent on spoiling their attacks that they never give themselves a chance.

Davos and St. Moritz

Up to last week the season at Davos had been one of the worst on record for bad weather. It did not snow so very much, but it snowed nearly every day, and this has kept everything, and especially tobogganing, back. The skaters have been best off, for it has been possible to skate every day on some portion of the rink, and, last week, the competition for the Davos Skating Bowl was brought off. Mrs. Johnson, who won the event last year, did not compete, and out of four competitors, Mr. Clive Leese (who ran Mrs. Johnson close in 1906) was placed first, only two marks ahead of Mr. Clive Pawson. St. Moritz, on the other hand, has been remarkably free from snow, and it is expected that the whole length of the famous Cresta run will soon be open. Curling and bandy matches have also been started, and no fewer than nine teams competed in the first curling competition of the season. The bobsleigh run was opened on January 7, and a plentiful crop of "spills," as usual, marked the opening descents.

The Joys of Bobsleighing

Photo *G. R. Ballance*

A bobsleigh race at St. Moritz

The season for the king of Alpine sports—bobsleighing—is now in full swing at Davos and St. Moritz, and the run, accompanied, as usual, by plenty of spills, was opened on January 7. Snow at Davos, however, has been rather more continuous than is altogether desirable

Automobile Topics.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The Dublin Show

At Dublin, the first Motor Show was opened by Lord Granville last Saturday week, and the show proved a great success. Motoring in Ireland, as his lordship remarked in opening the Exhibition, appeared to be moving slowly, but had now taken root in the country. The Irish roads, no doubt, might be better than they are, but since the Gordon Bennett Cup Race in 1903, many of the districts have made efforts to improve their highways, and, without a doubt, their efforts are being gradually recognised by motorists. The motor is becoming an absolute necessity everywhere, but nowhere more than in Ireland, where the train services, in most parts, do not take any risks by going too fast! I understand that the orders have more than exceeded the anticipation of the exhibitors. Seventy-five well-known firms were represented, including Daimler, Argyll, Rover, Panhard, Deasy, Gladiator, Arrol-Johnston, Mercédès, Humber, and Berliet. Three Irish-built cars were shown, and a new omnibus destined for service in Ireland.

* * *

The Tourist Trophy—A Criticism

Taking it all round, the opinions of motorists on the published conditions of the Tourist Trophy Race for 1907 are very favourable. However, I have received an interesting letter from Mr. J. H. Royce, of Rolls-Royce, who makes the somewhat pertinent remark that, though the basis on which the Tourist Trophy Race is run, *i.e.* fuel consumption, is the best test of efficiency for contesting cars, it must not be overlooked that buyers of touring cars of the present day are apt to place less importance on the fact of a car being slightly faster, or slightly better in petrol consumption, than they do on the fact that their car shall be more silent and free from vibration. The Automobile Club would be wise not to overlook this fact. Mr. Royce also asserts that on a basis of fuel consumption *alone* a one-cylinder car might be proved superior to a six-cylinder car, which, as Euclid hath it, is absurd. Thus:—

> It is conceivable that a one-cylinder car might win the race for the Tourist Trophy, but a one-cylinder car giving between 20 and 30 h.-p. would not be an article which would be purchased by the public, and such a freak car might be discouraged by requiring it to cover the distance on a smaller quantity of petrol than was allowed, for instance, to the smoother-running four-cylinder car. In the same way, no unprejudiced motorist would deny that the six-cylinder car is superior as regards silence and absence of vibration to the four-cylinder car, and its superiority as a touring car might well be recognised by the Club by allowing a greater quantity of fuel for the six-cylinder car than for the four-cylinder car in the race for the Trophy.
>
> The loss of efficiency by the employment of six cylinders instead of four is so far outweighed by the consequent gain in silence and absence of vibration, that the Club would be short-sighted in overlooking the point in preparing regulations in a race which is to settle which is the best touring vehicle.
>
> Unless some recognition is made by the Club in their Rules of the fact that absence of vibration and silence are of vital importance, they will, in my opinion, not be encouraging the best form of motor, but will be encouraging a type which, although efficient, may not satisfy two of the principal requirements of the ordinary purchaser.

Car-icature: No. X.—Mr. W. Worby Beaumont

A practical engineer who specialises in motoring. He is the Honorary Consulting Engineer to the Automobile Club, and was at one time President of the Society of Engineers

By Alick P. F. Ritchie

There is no doubt that at the Tourist Trophy Race last September, in the Isle of Man, many of the cars that came out well, as far as reliability and speed went, on their fuel consumption were not exactly noiseless, while as regards vibration, well, the less said the better! I expect more will be heard of this subject, for it is undoubtedly of great importance, as at the present moment the principle of the Tourist Trophy Race does not include the consideration of the motorist's comfort. And it is a matter worth consideration.

* * *

Mr. Worby Beaumont

Mr. W. Worby Beaumont, M.I.C.E., M.I.M.E., the subject of our Car-icature this week, is the moving spirit and the Power who, more than any other man, has organised and controlled all the technical details concerning the Tourist Trophy and other competitions engineered by the A.C.G.B. and I. Mr. Beaumont has for many years been associated with the development of roads and rail traction. He was president of the Society of Engineers in 1898, and in addition to many books and pamphlets on motoring, he is the honorary consulting engineer to the Automobile Club. He has been a judge of motor vehicles at all the most important exhibitions in recent years. Mr. Beaumont is represented as

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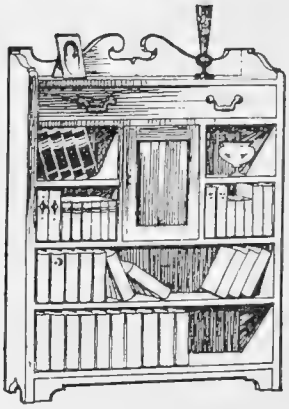

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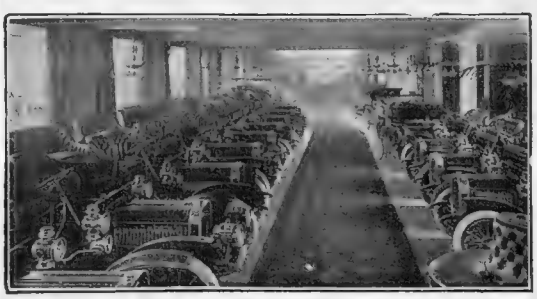

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weighing with judicial decision the points of two cars. He is a charming and very modest gentleman, if somewhat reticent.

* * *

The Brooklands Racing Track

I am publishing this week a photograph of the Brooklands Racing Club's track at Weybridge as far as it has got. I think my readers may be interested to see the progress of the track which is now being constructed, and promises to become a most important centre for motorists in the near future. With Lord Montagu as its sponsor, and with plenty of money behind it, there is every indication that the Brooklands Club is destined to achieve great success.

* * *

The Value of a Speed Indicator

An interesting case was before the Assize Court at Kingston recently, in which the police came out rather badly, and which incidentally shows the advantages of carrying a speed indicator. It seems that Mr. Samuel Smith's car was being driven by his son through Cobham. Just as the car was leaving Cobham, two constables rushed out and said that the car was being driven over twenty miles an hour. The indicator (of which Mr. Smith, sen., is the inventor) showed that the speed did not exceed eighteen miles per hour. Mr. Smith was then summoned for driving to the common danger.

The constables, during the hearing of the case, admitted that nobody was inconvenienced by reason of the way in which the car was driven; and it was clearly shown by the evidence that, when the police found that their accusation that the car was going over twenty miles an hour was indefensible, they then put forward the more serious charge of driving to the danger of the public. Ultimately, after a long argument, the case was dismissed.

* * *

Miscellanea

A special sale of cars will be held at "The Motor House," 366-368, Euston Road, London, N.W., on January 17. Practically the whole of the lots will consist of Darracq cars of all powers in new, shop-soiled, and second-hand conditions. Motorists should make a point of attending this important sale.

Messrs. Morgan and Co., Ltd., of 10, Old Bond Street, W., are supplying to the order of the Count Knuth of Knuthenborg, Denmark, one of their new 28 h.-p. chassis, fitted with Roi des Belges side-entrance body, cape-cart hood, "Cromwell" patent wind-screen, etc. I understand that Count Knuth will in future act as representative for the "Morgan" cars in Denmark.

Photo *Lafayette*

The Dublin Motor Show: A general view of the Exhibition

The first Motor Exhibition to be held in Ireland was opened on January 5 by Lord Granville at Dublin, and has been well attended

The Brooklands Motor Racecourse: Banking up the Weybridge end of the track

The work of constructing the seven-mile track for motor races near Weybridge is proceeding apace, and motorists are looking forward to the time when it will be the scene of exciting contests

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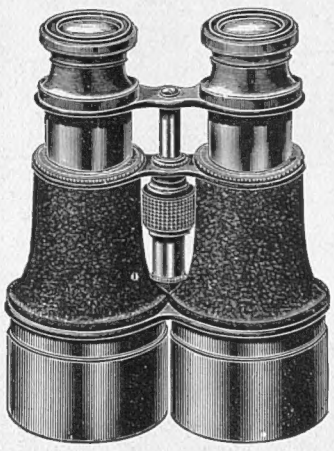

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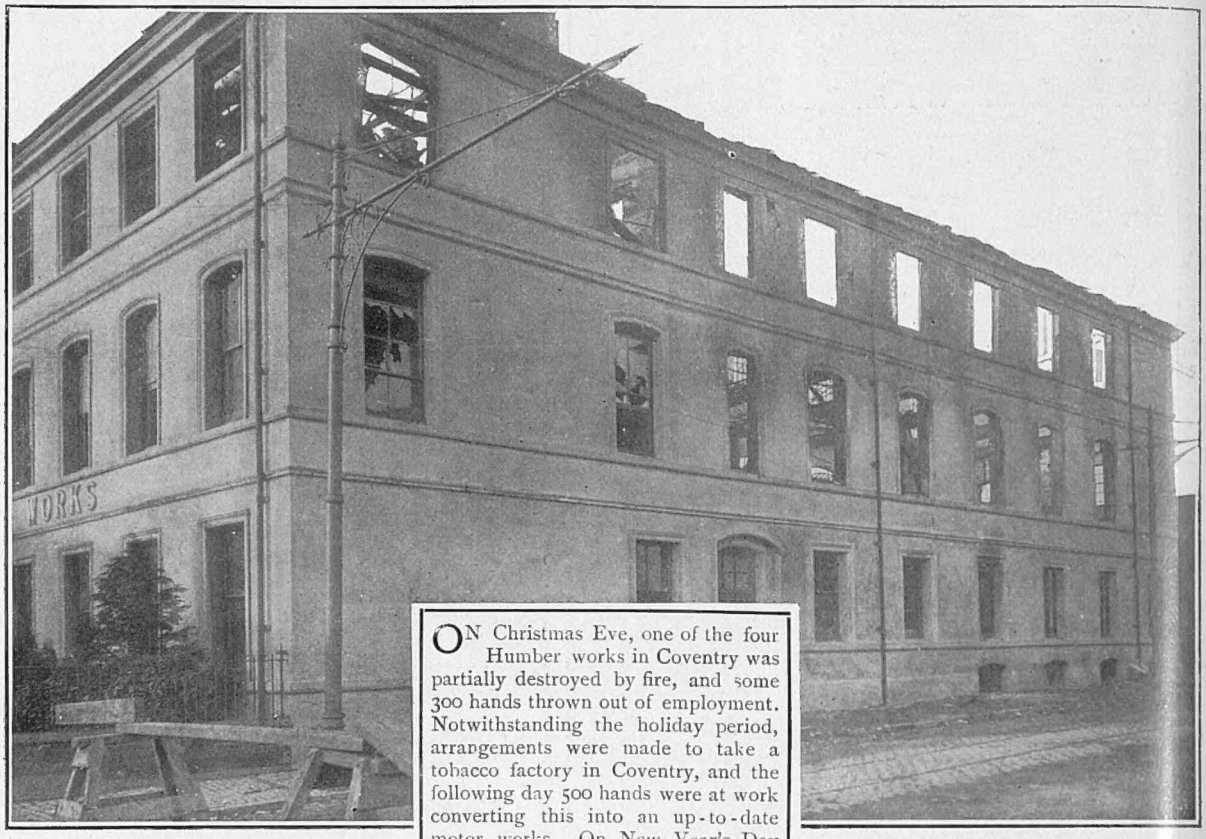

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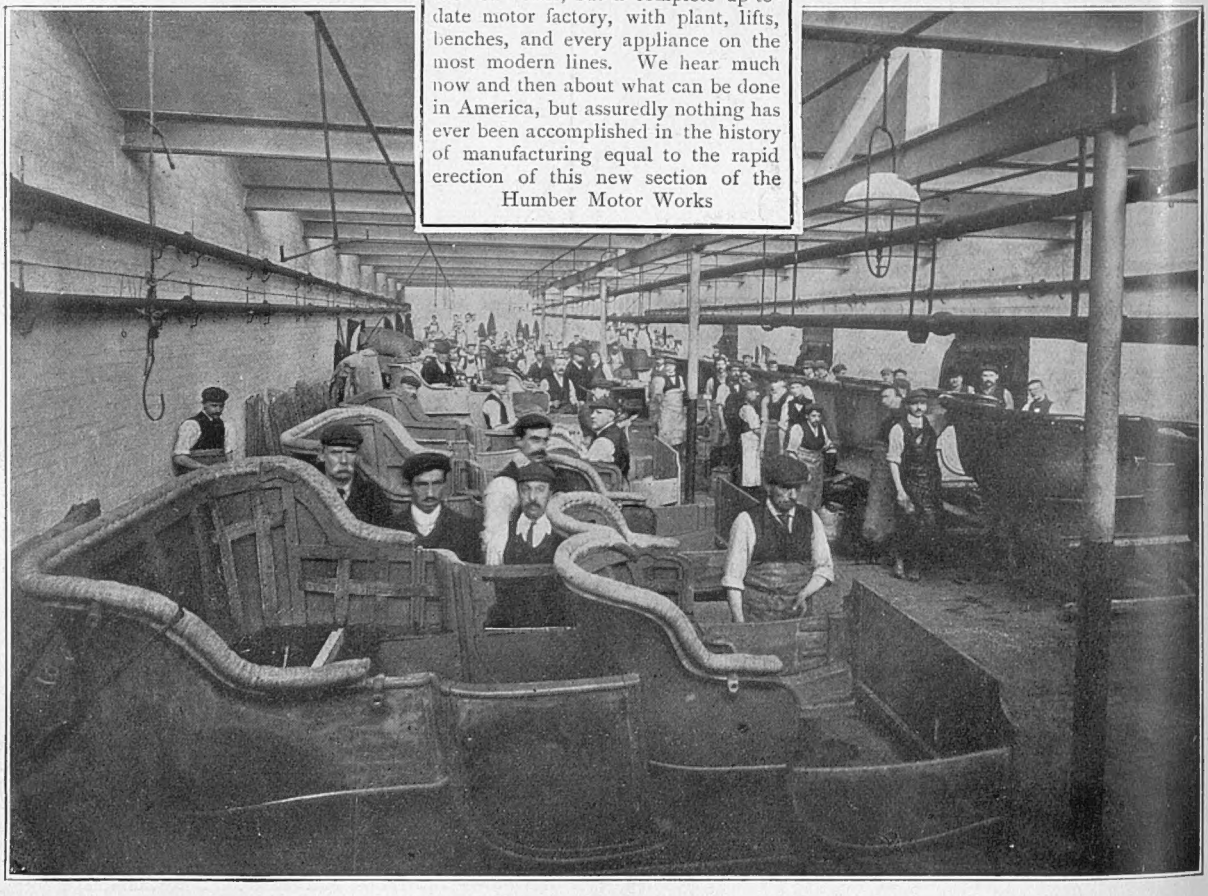
(2) The new factory, which was completely fitted out within eight days of the destruction of the old building, so that all hands were at work on New Year's Day



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FROCKS ◇ FRILLS ◇ AND FURBELOWS ◇

By Mrs. JACK MAY

It has been said of me, and by one who professes to know me intimately, that my last moments will be consecrated to the creation of a *coiffure*. Nothing, I frankly admit, brings about a feeling of greater degradation than a disordered head, unless, of course, it be a studied disorder, a thing of *malice prepense*, engendered by a desire to be picturesque. That is a creation of art, and it is one in which the modern girl can give her grandmother many points.

The severe tailor suit, which must be built to special order

(Drawn by Ruth Lillie)

There is a certain type of young girl about—an aristocratic type—who has of herself created a vogue for a dressing that is perilously *negligée*. The entire edifice apparently rests on a couple of large pins and some combs, notwithstanding which the exploiters thereof dance, hunt, golf, or motor, without disturbing a hair of the consistent disorder. It is all quite amazingly clever. But then the very young girl of to-day is extraordinarily clever. She is *au fait* in an instant, with any small subterfuge or accessory that comes along and is calculated to add an iota to her personal appearance, and withal she is so fresh and practical, and healthily disposed.

A sane mind in a sound body, a vast improvement on her silly, sentimental grandmother. Now there is an appalling statement for you! and I bow my head before a possible torrent of dissent, for I am determined that as it is written, it shall stand. All these remarks come from the text of a *coiffure*, my primary intention, from which I have most incontinently wandered, being to advance the claim of the little bunches of curls.

In Defence of Adventitious Aids to Beauty

These are, without any exception, the most enchanting *coiffure* adjuncts ever vouchsafed us, and are calculated to deceive the most searching male eye, always traditionally intolerant where false hair is concerned. Powder and paint is far more pardonable with a man. Indeed, I have frequently searched for the courage granted many men escorting their womenkind about whose faces are literally caked with pigments. Yet I am persuaded that, confronted with an extraneous tress of hair, these same men are capable of pouring forth a tirade of disapproval. Dear, dear! will the sexes, I wonder, ever arrive at a clear understanding of one another?

Now, once again to my elusive curls. There is positively no position on the head to which they cannot be put, front, back, or sides, where fancy dictates. They are least attractive, because less real, when arranged in a series of small ringlets, the larger, softer twists having a far more genuine appearance. Half a guinea is the very smallest price possible for a single average-size bunch of the best quality curly hair, and even then one should be perfectly assured of the character of the establishment. There is no more successful faking of this decade than that afforded false hair. Hair, indeed! let us save the mark; jute would be a far truer description in many instances.